TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

A week ago the *Telegram's* libel suit was brought to a proper close by a verdict for the defendant. I believe the jury but expressed the almost unanimous opinion of the citizens. The manner in which public works have been managed in Toronto has long been a scandal. Councils have succeeded councils, aldermen have been elected, have resigned, been defeated, married, have died and another generation of aldermen has come and gone since it was first known that we did not get value for money expended in public improvements. Mayor after mayor has endeavored to reform the abuses which everyone knew existed, but the evils rather than the reformations have gone on thriving with the growth of the city. As pavements became more numerous, peculations became more glaring, till at last shoddy work and unblushing disregard of specifications were established as the rule, so much so that in court an inspector without seeming to realize that he had done anything wrong testified that the College street pavement was as good as any other and seemed to imagine that our villainously bad pavements rather than the specifications signed by the contractors were to be the standard by which he was to judge the work.

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Public opinion, too, had begun to accept what was apparently the inevitable and citizens saw defective pavements put down before their door, and, though knowing they would have to pay for them and appreciating that the work was being scamped, shrugged their shoulders and supposed it was impossible to have it done right. Mayor Clarke more than any other mayor Toronto has had within my memory, has made most strenuous and well directed efforts to re-organize the public works of Toronto. I believe the city generally admits that no one has ever before accomplished so much for Toronto on the same lines. His first task in office was to endeavor to unravel the strings which after hanging loose had been tightened up the wrong way and almost inextricably tangled. The Don improvements and a dozen other things have been manfully dealt with, the public works department re-organized and capable men appointed, but it was impossible for one man to do everything, particularly when the city engineer has proven such a weak and useless sister.

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The *Telegram* in attacking the pavement problem consequently tackled a question which needed attack, and has done the city a signal service in exposing the manner in which public works are constructed. I am not surprised to see the small amount of sympathy the *Telegram* has received from the other newspapers of the city. I have read them all closely and have noticed that the briefest reports were given of the trial, only a paragraph to the verdict and not a line of editorial applauding the valiant effort of a contemporary, except in the case of one journal which, without naming the paper concerned, expressed a faint hearted approval of Mr. John Ross Robertson's sturdy fight. I have had occasion before now to point out that jealousy prevents every Toronto newspaper from assisting its rivals or standing shoulder to shoulder with other journals in a fight for right. In almost every instance when a journalist is a candidate for office or receives any mark of public approbation, his rivals dismiss the whole matter with a paragraph or are found in direct opposition. Like bad pavements, this has become the rule, and it is by no means a pretty posture. Mr. John Ross Robertson, the proprietor of the *Telegram*, has not been free from this general tendency to ignore and belittle his opponents, and therefore must not feel surprised at the conduct of the other newspapers, but the public have a right to demand different conduct from those journals which are supposed to fight for the right and expose wrong doing wherever it is found. Had the suit between Farquhar and Robertson been a church squabble or litigation between contractors, long and elaborate reports would have been given, but the petty pique, the fear that they would be giving an opposition newspaper an advertisement, have withheld the city press from doing what is obviously a public duty. It is possible that Mr. Robertson undertook the fight because he thought it would be good for the *Telegram*. The citizens who are benefited care very little whether he did it because it was right or because he thought it would ultimately pay him to do it. It should be made apparent by every newspaper, by every citizen, that the man who does right in a public capacity, whether it be as a contractor or as editor or publisher of a newspaper, should be rewarded by the approbation of all good citizens. I would not say that the *Telegram* has not somewhat nullified the benefits of a gallant fight by too many complimentary references to itself. Without any brevier cap. editorials and italicised quotations eulogistic of itself, Toronto would have thoroughly appreciated all that it has accomplished. These things are apt to injure rather than benefit a newspaper, and when coupled with attacks upon the mayor and other men who are doubtless conscientious in the course they are pursuing a still more serious amount is subtracted from the grand total of good.

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Yet it is the most natural thing in the world for a newspaper after having accomplished much to feel like impressing its readers with the fact that it has gone out to battle and returned with its enemy chained to its chariot wheels. I do not quote these slight lapses from good taste and what I would esteem to be good judgment in order to belittle what Mr. John Ross Robertson has accomplished. He knew when he went into the fight, that even if he won, thousands of dollars would not repay him for the loss of time and energy, the worry and anxiety and the large amounts he must necessarily pay to counsel and to secure witnesses. If a man is not to receive credit for spending his money, energy and time in the public service will somebody please tell us what in newspaperdom deserves appreciation? The judge remarked that a few dollars and a fumbling apology would have satisfied the contractors and no one but a newspaper publisher knows the great temptation to yield even in a righteous cause when nothing but perplexity and expense are held up as a reward of honest criticism and a gritty fight. If a newspaper is to be met by a conspiracy of silence on the part of its contemporaries, t have its motives impugned, to hea the public public say, "Oh, it is all done for an advertisement," what encouragement is offered even to one who does right from proper motives? But who is to be permitted to be the judge of motives in such a matter? Never since the time when the old adage that honesty is the best policy was first taught have the majority of business men forgotten that right doing is a proper policy as well as an infallible principle, and if we were to exclude from the list of good all those who are honest for policy's sake we might see an extraordinary reduction in the catalogue of the honest.

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The simultaneous publication in several of the morning papers of the public expenditure likely to be made in Toronto within the next three or four years is sufficiently startling to deserve attention. The proposals for public works of general utility amount to about six millions of dollars, and in this is not included the great sum which must be paid out of the local improvement funds for pavements, sidewalks, &c. The expenditures to be made by the railways along the Esplanade, the new terminal facilities, union depot, bridges, &c., will aggregate another very large item. The Parliamentary buildings are only fairly begun, the Upper Canada College is to be built, a hotel is spoken of which may cost over half a million dollars (and by the way I hear the C. P. R. are interested in this matter), a new Music Hall is under way, and the Board of Trade building which, before it is completed, will cost in the neighborhood of $400,000, and these things, together with the many semi-public enterprises which follow in the wake of large expenditures, it is estimated will bring the total amount up to nearly twelve million dollars in the space of three or four years. This enormous amount cannot be expended without attracting not only the artisan, who will engage directly in the works, but capitalists and manufacturers, and others who, observing that Toronto is becoming the great city of Canada, will hasten to locate themselves in the largest centre of consumption and the most favorable point for distribution. Our unsurpassed educational facilities have already brought to Toronto many of those who have sufficient means to live without labor while their children are being educated. In this way not only the artisan and the laborer, but the capitalist and those who desire a home, are every day flocking to the city, building or filling the houses already built and engaging themselves in speculation or production of some kind.

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The fact that there are over three hundred real estate agents not only living on, but making money out of the transfer of land is suggestive of a boom which may alarm the conservative section of business men. Toronto real estate began to take an upward tendency at the same time that booms were started in a large number of American cities. Ours is the only one which has outlasted a few years of excitement, but those who have been pricing property in this city lately must recognise the fact that there has been no abatement of the steadily upward tendency of values, and this spring has witnessed such a rapid movement that those who have been waiting for the crash to come are almost convinced that there is no crash imminent. Upon one thing, however, the oldest and wisest heads agree, and that is that the staking off of farm land into town lots has been carried too far. If it continues, York and Etobicoke townships will soon have so many stakes in them that plowing will be as difficult as in a stumpy field. A bad feature of this boom in rural building lots is that money which should not be diverted from legitimate trade is being invested in properties which cannot be remunerative for building purposes within the next twenty years, even if Toronto progresses as rapidly as its most enthusiastic and over-sanguine citizens hope for. Farms are actually changing hands at so much per foot in the neighborhood of Mimico, which has no more claim as a suitable place of residence than Duffin's Creek. In a northerly direction town lots have reached Hogg's Hollow, and down east the land bristles with stakes for an hour's walk. The people who buy these remote patches of ground with the idea of building on them must be aware that sidewalks, gas lamps, water mains cannot approach them until they are so old that all they will need will be a plot in a cemetery. A great many of those who have tried these suburban points as a place of residence have hurriedly moved back to the city thoroughly disgusted with paddling through mud and slush in the winter and being blistered by the sun in the summer. These locations have neither the charm of rural life nor the comforts of a city home. Those who are buying them on speculation should remember that while there is the whole County of York available for town lots, competition will be too keen to permit of high prices ruling except during a speculative mania. Many of the wisest,—and as they are known amongst brokers the "gamiest" of speculators,—have already sold their annexes and sub-outlying annexes and invested the funds in down-town property.

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It is a remarkable thing during this speculative craze, when the hopes of an enormous city are being built up by the real estate men, that the business sections of Toronto have been advancing in price very slowly indeed, and one can buy a lot almost as cheaply within twenty minutes' walk of the Post Office, in a good residential quarter, as a lot of the same size could be purchased for three miles from the market, where there is not a street car within half an hour's walk. Clerks, artisans and laborers cannot afford to live so far away from their work until we have some system of cheap and rapid transit. And how comes it that this folly of outside speculation continues to grow, until people are buying town lots so far away from the city that they will have to take a horse and buggy or a pair of seven-leagued boots to get the occupant to his work inside of an hour?

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Summarized, the whole thing means this: Property in old Toronto is certain to be a remunerative investment, because there is but little land for sale or procurable, while the frills and sub-frills, annexes and estates are in competition with the rest of the county, and there are millions of lots waiting to be staked out from Eglinton to Richmond Hill, and between here and Oakville on one side and Whitby on the other. As soon as people realize this, the suburban lot boom will go into its little cradle, and the investors will be left to "nurse the baby."

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The report which comes from Ottawa that Mr. D'Alton McCarthy has severed his connection with the Conservative Union may not be true, but the feeling which gave rise to the rumor at least indicates that Mr. McCarthy is not in harmony with the "bosses" of his party and leads me more firmly to believe that he is about to retire and engage himself in provincial affairs. My guess may be wide of the mark, but since I first made the conjecture in these columns I have heard a great many people express themselves delighted with the prospect of seeing so vigorous a fighter on the benches opposite Mr. Mowat. Nor have they been slow to say they believed that it would not be long ere Mr. Meredith, assisted by Mr. McCarthy, would capture the treasury benches. I imagine Mr. Mowat would be surprised if he knew how many of those who have always voted with him and for him are becoming restive. As his administration grows older his inclination to seize upon all the powers within his reach is becoming so marked that even his best friends are becoming afraid of the future.

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We hear much about the misgovernment of New York, but when we read that a gang of axemen have been chopping down the telegraph, telephone and electric light poles there, under instructions from the department of public works, we must recognise the fact that corporations are not permitted to run that city, even though they have almost unlimited wealth and influence. While the New York courts and civic officials are insisting upon public rights and endeavoring to prevent the further disfigurement of the city, an effort in the direction of underground channels and the protection of Toronto's streets from the hideous network of wires is sat upon by the Dominion Parliament, and we are forced to go on paving streets, thoroughly understanding that even if the corporations are not permanently triumphant we will have to rip up to-morrow what we have done to-day in order to be abreast of the age in burying the wires. It does not speak well for our public spirit that while Toronto elects three supporters of the government we are continually snubbed and refused requests which are not only reasonable but absolutely within our rights.

* * *

We should be thankful that at last Sir John has determined to establish the boundaries of Ontario, and put an end to the dispute between this province and the Dominion. Ontario will then be a keystone reaching from Hudson Bay to the great lakes, and will be the largest organized state or province, except Texas, in North America. This proud position is made still more conspicuous by the fact that there are no agricultural lands in the world superior to ours, no minerals that are better, no such facilities for building up a great commonwealth! It is not surprising that Toronto, as the chief city of this great section, is achieving eminence which is attracting the attention of this whole continent; nor must we forget that Hon. Oliver Mowat, no matter what his shortcomings may have been in other respects, has been the sturdy defender of our rights to this territory and to the mineral and timber wealth which it contains.

* * *

I heard a story this week that I could hardly believe, and yet I am assured that it is true in every particular. A mechanic who was out of employment during the winter was forced to place his three motherless babes in an orphan asylum, and endeavored to support himself by attending to furnaces and doing menial work. He engaged himself at the extravagant salary of two dollars a week to attend the furnace, blacken the boots, and do chores for one of the leading clergymen of Toronto. It did not take all his time, but a considerable portion of it; and the other day, when he had a settlement with this minister—who receives a salary which does not amount to less than $5,000 a year—he had 28 cents deducted from his stipend, because on the day he began work the sun had passed the meridian. On the day in question, as he explained to the reverend gentleman he attended to the furnace and had done all the work assigned to him, but the clergyman insisted that the amount should be withheld. For a minister of the gospel, belonging to a church which esteems itself the most fashionable, select and gentlemanly in the city to have gone into such elaborate bookkeeping on the winter's work of a poor beggar whose babies were in an orphan asylum while he denied himself every luxury (as a man must who is not in receipt of a more princely income than $2 per week), does not look well to say the least. I have heard the

"YES, YES, MY DEAR BOY, I KNOW!"

"The Day Will Come."

See Page 4.

same clergyman implore his hearers to give liberally to the missions, in fact I have heard him denounce them for not doing it, and yet 28 cents was enough to turn him from justice, to say nothing of generosity, and make a servant go hungry for a whole day.

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One cannot help but admire persistency, and I would like someone of a mathematical and statistical turn of mind to reckon up how many miles of editorial the *Mail* has written on the "Situation in Quebec." It keeps at it day after day and week after week and month after month till one wonders how on earth it can ring so many changes on this well-worn tune. It reminds me of a story of Henry Watterson who, after a long political campaign, during which he had daily presented an editorial on the "situation," came in to his office late one night from a wine and poker party and sat down to write an editorial, which went to the printer as follows: "The Situation." (Three or four unsteady lines which had been marked out)—"Damn the situation."

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It is said that the man who gets an idea is very fortunate, because the majority of us are without one, but when an idea gets a man, he becomes a crank. The idea has certainly gotten hold of the *Mail* to keep its readers posted concerning the improper practices in the neighboring province, and though we may weary somewhat of its iteration and reiteration, yet this is the only way of rubbing it in. An impression soon fades out of the mind. New topics and excitements crowd out old ones, but if the monument which the *Mail* has erected in the second column of its editorial page can keep people in sight of the fact that we have a grievance, they certainly will not be permitted to forget it. And though people may once in a while echo Henry Watterson's opinion of the situation we unconsciously esteem the ceaseless vigil of the watchman on the *Mail's* tower. "Watchman, what of the night?" and the unfailing answer comes: "Behold ye the situation in Quebec."

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No news has yet come of the missing steamer Danmark and its seven hundred passengers, though at the time of writing hope had not yet been abandoned. It must be an awful thing waiting for news of missing ship. To the owners to whom the wreck must mean a serious loss, the days are long, but to those who have a friend on board the hours of suspense must seem almost insupportable. The ocean is so wide, the opportunities for rescue so indefinite and yet esteemed considerable, that one keeps on hoping against hope, until at last the remotest ports are heard from and the star of hope disappears in the darkness of despair. While, perhaps, but few of us have had this experience yet there is no one who has not had a missing ship. The mother who has watched her babe through the nights when she knew not whether it would be life or death, knows what it is to have a ship laden with love afloat on the uncertain waters of life. The lover has a ship at sea and he watches in the eyes of his sweetheart for the first gleam of the returning sail. A wreck to him—or her—means a more insupportable anguish than is felt by those whose dear ones are buried in the deep. The father and mother have many ships at sea. They watch the steersman who directs the course of those they love, and wonder that the winds blow so strongly and strangely, that the tides ebb and flow over such dangerous rocks, and often have they seen their ships wrecked even in the harbor. And when their bairns go abroad, when they are out of sight, how they watch for the letters containing news of that ship in which the treasures of their love and ambition have been stored. And too often, so very, very often, their ship has never returned. Each one who reads can think of sails they have seen, for the return of which they have prayed, for the loss of which they have mourned. If all the missing ships had come back to port, if masts had not been broken and sails torn by the winds of adversity or the simoon of passion, if unknown and sunken reefs had not bruised and broken the hulls to which we had trusted there would be no need of heaven, surely there couldn't have been no hell. But as long as men live and women love, and ships go out to sea, so long will there be wrecks, the agony of waiting and the dumbness of despair. It it were not so, if we took no chances, no one would bother with ships; there would be no sailors. It is the dangerous things we love best, and if no ships had been lost what would become of the delightful uncertainty of waiting for ships to come back?

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The meeting of those favorable to the organization of the Canadian National and Patriotic Association held a week ago last Thursday evening in Shaftesbury Hall parlor was in every way a success. A large number of those who had sent in their names were unable to attend, but the meeting was quite large enough for the purpose, and filled the room which had been engaged. A large committee was formed for the purpose of framing a constitution and by-laws, and during the past week it has met four times. The amount of labor which has been devoted to the formulating of the rules and principles of the society indicates the sincerity and earnestness of those who have undertaken the task. Another general meeting for the purpose of organization will be held in Shaftesbury Hall parlor Thursday evening, April 25, when the report of the committee will be presented and discussed. All those interested are invited though nothing in the shape of set speeches will be given and it will be in no sense a mass meeting. Those who feel inclined to take hold and help do some of the preparatory work will be welcome.

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I am informed and do verily believe that there will be no general election of the Ontario Legislature this year. I believe the matter has been finally settled and the M. P. P.'s can rest assured of again drawing their sessional indemnity, undisturbed by the fear that the unfeeling public will interfere.

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Recently Canadians abroad have been achieving a very unenviable notoriety, several of the most daring crimes in the United States having been perpetrated or attempted by people who claim the Dominion as their birthplace, but the present little wave is a rare exception. Canadians in the United States, as a rule, are held in the highest esteem, and occupy many of the highest places of trust, and this being true, such utterances as were recently made in Parliament by a western fire-eater that most of the Canadians in the United States dare not return home, are especially to be deprecated. There is nothing in which Canadians have taken greater pride than the high standing of their fellow-countrymen abroad, and it is only of very recent years that the little colony of our absconders has been noticeable in the United States.

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The prediction that the anti-Jesuit excitement would not live through the dog-days shows no signs of being verified, except as regards the pulpit fervor, which has already begun to abate. The Orangemen, however, are making themselves heard and felt, and time only seems to increase their determination to make it hot for somebody, and it cannot be denied that every day they are recovering in public estimation the ground they had previously lost by being too subservient to Sir John.

DON.

Society.

This is the end of Lent, and socially no one will be sorry, for while penitence may be a delightful mental attitude the votaries of the dance are apt to weary of it. Everyone has had an opportunity for rest, for never in my memory has the season been observed more rigorously. The outbreak of festivities is not likely to be startling as so many of the leaders are out of town, but I can at least promise my readers more interesting society news than they have been recently receiving.

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Rehearsals for the Kirmess dances have been frequent during the past week, and every person is interested in making the best possible use of the short time left for practice. I have been kindly furnished with a list of the chief attractions of the Kirmess, and also of the names of the ladies and gentlemen taking part in the dances, with descriptions of the costumes worn in each.

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The costumes of the Lawn Tennis dance will be of the conventional kind. The following ladies and gentlemen will take part: Misses Lucy Lee, Patriarche, M. Bright, C. Macfarlane, Helena Smith, Thompson, Monk, Livingstone; Messrs. G. H. Muntz, Atcheson, Sydney Jones, J. A. Heward, W. Douglas, A. Boultbee, Percy Maule, and Murray Langmuir.

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The gentlemen taking part in the Gypsy dance wear white flannel shirts, bright red silk ties, knee breeches and red stockings laced with blue and yellow ribbons, a red sash and a large slouch felt hat with ribbon streamers. They carry tambourines. The fair Gypsies are not all dressed alike, as it was felt such uniformity would not be in harmony with the Romany character. One of the dresses, however, is thus described: A bright crimson satin petticoat with bands of black velvet and gold braid, blue bodice with chemisette of soft muslin, puffed sleeves tied with ribbon, a many-colored head-dress with gold ornaments and tambourines slung from the shoulder with colored ribbons. It will be danced by Misses C. Lash, Douglas, M. King Dodds, Michie, Fisher, Eakin, A. Michie, Darby; Messrs. Coburn, Norman Smith, T. Chisholm, Douglas, T. Brown, Percy Horrocks, G. Towner, Vidal.

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In the Hungarian dance the ladies' dress will be a white skirt with rows of green and red satin edged with gold around it, a red satin bodice cut square, braided in gold across the front and cut in points, which are ornamented with little bells, and white Hungarian caps trimmed with gold braid. They carry hoops, with bells and ribbons. Gentlemen will wear black knee breeches and black stockings tied at the knees with red satin ribbons, white waistcoats trimmed with gold braid, white sashes striped at the end with green, red and gold (the national colors), white shirts with lace cuffs and collars, and small black caps trimmed with red and gold, with capes of crimson and green slung from the shoulder. The dancers are: Misses Shanklin, Hart, Monk, Macdonald, Lang, May Livingstone, Murray, Ellis; Messrs. Andrews, Hollyer, Bogert, H. F. Gillespie, G. Hart, E. A. Chadwick, Ross and Fred Bendelari.

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The ladies' costume for the Swedish dance is a blue petticoat striped down with bright orange ribbons, low bodice, cut pointed in front and back, worn over muslin waists, shirred at the neck, with short puffed sleeves; on the right shoulder long ribbon streamers of orange, blue and red (the national colors), high peasant caps of black velvet, ornamented with blue and red bands. They carry a short wand with streamers and sleigh bells, which are shaken in harmony with the music. Swedish gentlemen wear black knee breeches and black stockings, bright red vests with white sleeves, blue sashes trimmed with gold and crimson, and large rolling collars and cuffs. The Swedish dancers are: Misses Manle, Etta Hill, E. Maule, Littlejohn, G. Scott, Powell, M. Powell, Douglas, Hague, Keighley, Hoskins, Sproatt; Messrs. Vox Chadwick, Pemberton, Geo. Pemberton, Schofield, McMillan, Ketchem.

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The Spanish dance is a series of graceful movements, and it is expected to cause much admiration. We have been unable to secure a description of the costumes, but it will be in keeping with all the others and the character of the dance. The following ladies and gentlemen will participate: Misses Maude Macklem, Kirkpatrick, A. Kirkpatrick, Bostwick, Woodbridge, Hardy, Pringle, Francis; Messrs. Leon Macklem, Gray, Lowndes, F. Gray, Lea, Heward, J. Symons, Hirschfelder.

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Besides these gay and picturesque dances, there are many other attractions. A gypsy encampment, where one's future will be revealed in the usual gypsy style, will be in the hands of Mrs. Galbraith, Misses Connie Jarvis, Eva Hardy, Lash, Stovin and Muntz. A high tea, from 5 to 7:30 o'clock, will be served by the lady managers and a bevy of pretty waiters. A flower booth will be presided over by Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Percy Ridout, Mrs. Fitzgibbon and a bouquet of pretty girls robed in white directoires. The sweets of the candy booth will be dispensed by Mrs. Charles Riordan, Mrs. Bunting and young ladies wearing directories in white and gold and crimson and white. Delicious ices will be served by Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Farrar, Mrs. A. B. Lea and Miss Patterson. Rebecca at the well will supply the liquid refreshments. Miss Patterson will preside at this booth. The art booth is in the shape of an open book, and is in charge of Mrs. Sprague. The Punch and Judy show will give delight in the hands of Mrs. Monk and Mrs. Boultbee. The post and express offices are in the charge of Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Brock and Mrs. Dickson. Mrs. Osler presides at the *cafe chantant*, and will be assisted by a group of fair ladies, who are to be arranged as *Vivandieres* and arrayed in costumes copied from some of the most noted regiments of the old world. By these coffee and cigarettes will be dispensed, and some of our best musicians will furnish music. The piano used will be furnished by Messrs. Mason & Risch. There will be a Cinderella ball in which eighty children will take part. Miss Robinson, a granddaughter of the ex-Lieutenant-Governor, will be the princess and the court minuet will be danced at the ball by Master and Miss Hughes. The Kirmess paper is to be edited by Miss Fisken and Mrs. Edgar, and will contain all the Kirmess news and the programmes for each day. Two of the young ladies who will sell this journal are to be arrayed in print dresses—dresses of type, in fact—the cloth of which will be printed on by the presses of the Toronto *World*.

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Mr. and Mrs. S. F. MacKinnon entertained a number of their friends at Oaklawn, Sherbourne street, on Tuesday evening. The occasion was the christening of their grandchild, the infant son of their daughter, Mrs. E. A. Miles, who with her husband has returned to make their future home in Toronto. Rev. John Langtry performed the christening ceremony. The little one was surrounded by plenty of friends, there being three great grandmothers present, Mrs. McKay of Georgetown, Mrs. Miles and Mrs. Johnson of Toronto. The evening was enlivened by choice musical selections, and Miss Wetherald, graduate of the Philadelphia School of Oratory, delighted everyone with her charming recitations. The floral decorations were much admired, being very beautiful and most artistically arranged. The evening was short, but perhaps none the less enjoyed on that account by the hundred or more guests present.

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Attention is called to the announcement of the sale of ladies' work in aid of the Sisters of St. John the Divine, to be held at the Bishop Strachan school on College street on April 22 and 23. Refreshments will be served. The proceeds of the sale are entirely for the support of this self-sacrificing sisterhood, who have made the rule that no one will be asked to buy anything, so that forced sales through importunity need not be feared.

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Miss Tootie Heward of the Pines, Bloor street, entertained a few of her schoolmates and some of the college boys Thursday evening of last week. The affair was very much enjoyed by the young people, and was given previous to their departure for their several homes, the little hostess acquitting herself in a most charming manner.

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Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Louie Martin, second daughter of Dr. Martin of Carlton street, to Dr. Norman Allan also of the same place, the wedding to take place on the evening of April 30 at the new church of St. Augustine's on Parliament street.

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Mrs. Sullivan and her daughter Minnie of Peterboro' are staying for a short time with Mrs. D. A. O'Sullivan.

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Sir David McPherson and family of Chestnut Park, Yonge street, are at present in Florence, where they propose to remain for some time before returning to this country.

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At St. James' Cathedral on Tuesday night last, one of the largest and most fashionable congregations filled the large sacred edifice, when the Crucifixion was sung and listened to with all the solemnity the sacred work requires.

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The Argonaut Rowing Club is now seventeen years old, and has 309 members, of whom 217 are on the active list; and it was decided at the annual meeting at the Club House, Friday evening of last week, that the admission of inactive members will not be continued. The President, Col. G. A. Sweny, occupied the chair, and there was a large turnout of members, among whom were: Messrs. C. Widder, D. Burns, F. Carmichael, A. Bogart, W. Harvie, D. V. Brooks, W. Dick, F. Lightbourne, G. Gillespie, A. Hutchinson, W. Johnston, W. G. Lambe, J. W. Drynan, J. McVee, J. Ince, A. G. Thompson, J. M. McDonald, P. Horrocks, F. Cox, A. C. Macdonnell, M. M. Kertland, A. Fraser, Wm. Ince, jr., J. Scott, J. Kaay, A. R. Deueson, A. McKenzie, J. Boyd, R. Kertland, J. French, A. Burritt, S. Small, A. D. Langmuir, H. C. Hammond, W. D. Gwynne, F. Kay, C. Godfrey, W. Stewart, W. Sweeny, B. Sweeny, J. Pearson, R. Muntz, W. G. Gill, W. Murray, H. Muntz. His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., has signified his willingness to accede to the request that he should be nominated patron of the club. G. A. Sweny, president.

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The annual meeting of the Granite Lawn Tennis Club was held on Thursday of last week when the following officers were elected for the coming season: President, Mr. G. S. Crawford; Vice-President, Mr. G. W. Meyer; Captain and Honorary-Secretary, Mr. Wm. Gibb; Committee, Messrs. Bowes, W. A. Littlejohn, J. Ford, R. Moffatt, John Bruce.

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Cards are out from the Commodore, officers and members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club requesting the pleasure of their friends' company at the Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens on Wednesday, May 1, at nine o'clock. Dancing.

Ottawa.

The cricket match between a team of members of Parliament and the Ottawa Cricket Club, played off on Saturday afternoon last, resulted in a victory for the Cricket Club. The weather was anything but favorable, being cold and bleak, and consequently the spectators were very few in number. These, however, were able to console themselves with the thought that they were witnesses of the earliest cricket match ever played in Canada in any year. After the match the players and umpires repaired to tea at Government House.

It is a long time past since the senate chamber presented such a gay appearance as it did on Saturday evening last, when Mr. Speaker and Mrs. Allan received therein their four or five hundred guests. Soon after ten o'clock the chamber was well filled with the youth and beauty of the capital, as also were the reading-room—converted into a refreshment room—the passages and even the cosy nooks of the Library of Parliament. The music was good; everybody was, or seemed to be, in the best of spirits; the host and hostess made themselves most agreeable; and consequently, notwithstanding the absence of dancing—that great est of factors towards an evening's enjoyment—it was a most enjoyable evening that came to a conclusion at about half-past ten o'clock.

Madame Laurier was At Home to members of the Opposition and their friends on Saturday evening at the Grand Union Hotel. Musical talent being by no means scarce in the Liberal ranks, a most enjoyable evening was spent by some thirty or forty guests.

On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber gave a small afternoon tea.

On Monday afternoon the Hon. Edward and Lady Alice Stanley, the Hon. Algernon Stanley and Mr. MacMahon left, by special Canada Atlantic train, for New York, *en route* to England. Their excellencies and the Hon. Billy were at the station to say "good-bye."

On Tuesday afternoon several young people, at the invitation of Mr. Barron and Mr. Fisher, M.P.'s, drove out to Aylmer, for dinner, returning shortly after 11 o'clock.

This (Saturday) afternoon another party are to drive to Aylmer, where they are again to be entertained by Mr. Fisher and Mr. Barron.

The usual sessional dinners, too numerous to mention, have been given during the week, one of the most successful of which was that given by the Honorable Senator Sanford on the evening of Monday. The dinner was given in the handsome dining-room of the Senate. Besides the Speakers of both Houses and the Premier, there were among the guests Sir Adolphe Caron, Sir John Thompson, Hon. John Costigan, Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Hon. John Haggart and Hon. Edgar Dewdney, twenty-five senators and thirty-nine members of the House of Commons, Capt. Colville, the Governor-General's secretary, and Mr. C. H. Mackintosh.

Invitations are out for a young people's driving party to Aylmer on Easter Monday, the hosts being four popular young boys of Sandy Hill, viz., Masters Ayshford Wise, Scott, Brophy and Watters. The invitations have been extended also to a few favored "grown ups." The drive is under the chaperonage of Mrs. Wise, Mrs. Clarence Chipman, Mrs. Fred. White and Mrs. Major.

A rumor very pleasing to society circles is afloat here to the effect that Miss Katie Merritt of Toronto is shortly to pay Ottawa a visit.

I learn from good authority that prorogation is not expected for another fortnight at the very least. Consequently a gay Easter week may safely be expected, although as yet nothing definite is on the *tapis*.

The many friends of Mr. W. H. Middleton, will be glad to hear that he is to remain in Ottawa for some months yet, having decided not to return to the North West. SANTIO.

Personal.

The funeral of the late Lionel L. Yorke took place on Tuesday and was the largest which has occurred in Toronto for years.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Spain celebrated their tin wedding last Monday evening. A large number of friends were present, and a very pleasant time was spent.

Mr. D. Millar of Winnipeg has been promoted to the position of manager of the Merchants' Bank here, vice Mr. William Cook who has retired on a well-earned pension.

Mr. E. W. Sandys returned on Monday last from a tour in the maritime provinces in the interest of the C. P. R. On Monday evening he left again for Montreal, whence he expects soon to depart for the Pacific coast and, possibly, Alaska.

Mr. George B. Holland, who has resided in Toronto for the past fifty years died on Wednesday evening. He was an enthusiastic member of the York Pioneers and in 1842 was sergeant and Acting Quarter-Master of the First Incorporated Dragoons.

Court Rose, No. 18, C. O. O. F., held a reception in Shaftesbury Hall on Tuesday evening. A very successful musical programme occupied the early part of the evening and was followed by dancing. The committee, consisting of Messrs. Geo. Barrett, W. B. Phipps, A. H. Farrance, W. Couch, J. Fletcher, W. Sparks and R. Alabaster, are to be congratulated on the success of the evening's entertainment.

The committee and members of the Rosedale Cricket Club have much occasion to congratulate themselves on the prospects for the coming season. At the recent meeting of the club committee several new members were elected, and Messrs. W. Ledger and G. S. Lyon were each presented with a bat for the highest batting and bowling averages, respectively, for last year. The president, J. Melrose Macdonald, kindly did that he would give a bat to any member of the club making fifty runs or more in one innings. It is proposed to arrange matches for two elevens this year owing to the increasing number of members. All applications for membership should be made to the secretary, H. Petman, No. 4 Wellington street west. The membership of the club includes all privileges granted to the Toronto Lacrosse Club.

Innocence Aloft.

Farmer (to a tramp whom he has surprised in a fruit tree)—What are you doing up there? Tramp—I? Nothing! only hanging some pears on the tree again that had fallen down!

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High Grade Non-Magnetic Swiss & American

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Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

John versus Jap.

The jealousy that exists between the Chinese of this town and their Japanese friends was fully exemplified a few evenings ago when a rather amusing incident occurred. A young Japanese artist, walking up Yonge street, chanced to espy in a Chinese store a pair of handsome vases that seemed to take his fancy, and, thinking that if the price suited him he would make a purchase, he entered the store; and we give our readers the conversation that took place in full:

"How much those vases?" asked the Japanese.

"What for you want know?" said the Chinaman.

"Can't you tell me price, I want know?"

"I no tell price."

"Why can't you?"

"No buy, no tell price."

"How do you no whether I buy or no?"

"I tink you no buy."

"suppose I know buy why not tell price, I want know?"

"What good tell price? No buy, I no tell price."

"You suspicious. Chinese all suspicious; never get along with another nation. Do you understand the meaning of suspicious?"

"I no understandee!

"You think I work in Japanese store, and if you tell price I find out your secret figure; that is what matter with you, but I am not. I am an artist, as I will show you."

And taking a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket the artist drew these three sketches, as follows, saying first:

Here is a turnip; and now it is turned into a tea-pot; and now it is turned into your head.

The artist left the store, leaving John with his mouth wide open in wonderment.

The Elevation of the Stage.

AMBITIOUS Amateur (who has just been put through her paces, anxiously)—How do you think I shall do?

Enterprising Manager (who makes a specialty of bringing out young actresses)—You walk well; your voice is good; your looks are—pardon me—enchanting. There is no reason why you should not succeed. Now, the first thing is to attract a little judicious attention. Are you single?

Ambitious Amateur—No, sir.

Enterprising Manager—Ah! good, good! You married an Italian count who, after pawning all your jewelry to satisfy his taste for his native Chianti, has deserted you in circumstances of great cruelty to return to his banana-stand in the Bowery. We will get at least a column and a half——

Ambitious Amateur (interrupting him with some haughtiness)—On the contrary, sir, my husband is Mr. Reginald Blueblood. He is devoted to me, and we have the cutest little darling——

Enterprising Manager—Splendid! Couldn't be better. Go home and have him knock you down the back-stairs, and decamp with the baby. You appear in court the next morning; the story goes into the newspapers. The next week I bring you out in The Deserted Wife to a bigger house than Patti ever saw. Madame, I congratulate you. Your fortune is made—and his.—*N. Y. Life.*

Uncertainty At The Dance.

Mr. Sousus—"Whad meks dat Miss Spencer ser kinder lon'sum t'night?"

Mr. Wheets—"D' boys ain't quite suah whedder dat 'rangement stickin' out of her bodice is one ob dem new fash'ned lawnettes er a razzer, an' dey's shy."—*Judge.*

He Let Her Be.

A lady, occupying room letter B at an English hotel, wrote on the slate as follows:—"Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says 'let her be,' don't let her be, nor letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to call at half-past ten." The porter, a better bootblack than orthographist, after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B or to "let her be."

"Ho ho! So you are the boy who plays with pigs in clover, are you?"—*N. Y. Life.*

An Unjust Charge.

"Absalom," called Mrs. Rambo, in a high pitched voice, as her husband came lumbering up the stairway at three o'clock a.m., "you have been getting drunk again! This is the second time since yesterday morning!"

"Nanshy," mumbled Mr. Rambo, holding tightly to the balustrade, "you're unzhust, m'ove. A man can't giddrunk twice in twenty-four hoursh. I'm—I'm still on the 'riginal drunk, Nanshy!"

Ladies!

We do not want postage-stamp victims. If you will send us a self-addressed postal card, we will send you a recipe stamped on the back of it, for cleaning silverware and glass. Also, information of the latest and greatest labor saving invention of the age. Address NONSUCH STOVE POLISH CO., London, Ont.

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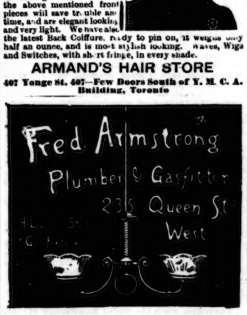

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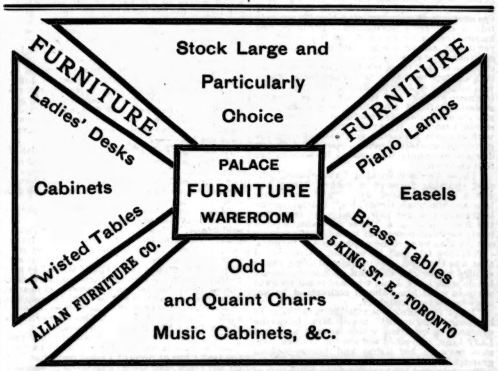

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Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER XVI.

"A MIND NOT TO BE CHANGED BY PLACE OR TIME."

Christmas at Dorchester was not a period of festivity to which Theodore Dalbrook had hitherto looked forward with anxious expectations, but in this particular December he found himself longing for that holiday season even as a schoolboy might long for release from Latin Grammar and stiff prepositions, and the plentiful fare and idle days of home. He longed for the grave old town with its Roman relics and leafless avenues; longed for it, at least not so much because his father, brother, and sisters dwelt there, as because it was within a reasonable drive of Carmichael Priory, and because at Dorchester he had a fair excuse for going to see his cousin. Many and many a time in his chambers at the Temple he had felt the fever fit so strongly upon him that he was tempted to put on his hat, rush out of those quiet courts and stony quadrangles to the bustle of the Embankment, spring into the first hansom that came within hail, and so to Waterloo, and by any train that would carry him to Wareham Station, and thence to the Priory, only to look upon Juanita's face for a little while, only to hold her hand in his, once at greeting and once at parting, and then back into the night and the loneliness of his life, and law books and precedents, and Justinian and Chitty, and all that is commonplace and dry-as-dust in a man's existence.

He had refrained from such foolishness, and now Christmas was at hand, his sisters were making the house odious with holly and laurel, the old cook was chopping suet for the traditional pudding which he had loathed for the last ten years, and he had a fair excuse for driving along the slimy roads to visit his widowed cousin. He had a pressing invitation from Lord Cheriton to spend two or three days of his holiday time at the Chase, an invitation which he had promptly accepted; but his first visit was to Lady Carmichael.

He found the house in all things unlike what it had been when last he saw it. The dear Grenvilles had been persuaded to spend their Christmas in Dorsetshire, and the Priory was full of children's occupation. Theodore had known Jessica Grenville before her marriage, yet he was not less a shock to him himself confronted by a portly matron and a brood of children in that room where he had seen Juanita's sad face bent over her embroidery. There was no trace of Juanita in the spacious drawing-room to-day, and the fact of her absence almost unhinged him for the moment, and made him considerably confused in his conversation with Mrs. Grenville, who received him with gracious loquacity, and insisted upon his giving an immediate opinion upon the different degrees of family likeness to be seen in her four children.

"These two are decided Carmichaels," she said, putting forward a rather flabby boy and a pudding-faced girl, "and the other two are the rough Grenvilles," indicating the latter and younger pair, who were rolling on the floor building a Tower of Babel with a lately-received present of bricks, and carrying out the idea by their own confusion of tongues.

Theodore felt glad he was not called upon to say that was the type. He murmured some vague civility about the children, while he shook hands with Lady Jane, who blushed and trembled shyly to meet him, almost obliterated by her more loquacious daughter.

"Don't you think Jessie quite the very image of his poor dear uncle?" asked Mrs. Grenville urgently, a question which always agonized Lady Jane, who could not see the faintest likeness between her flabby and bilious-looking grandchild and her handsome son.

Theodore was too nervous to be conscious of his own untruthfulness in replying to that affirmative. He was anxious to have done with the children and to hear about his cousin. "And how is Juanita in her mind?" he said.

"Oh, no, she is pretty well," replied Lady Jane, "but we keep her as quiet as we can, and of course the children are rather trying for her—"

"Nobody can say that they are noisy children," interjected the happy mother. "So she seldom leaves her own room till the evening," continued Lady Jane. "You would like to see her at once, I daresay, Mr. Dalbrook! And I know she will be pleased to see you."

She rang and told the footman to inquire if Lady Carmichael was ready to see Mr. Dalbrook, and Theodore had to occupy the interval until the footman returned with polite attentions to the four children. He asked Lucy whence she had obtained those delightful bricks, thereby eliciting the information that the bricks were not Lucy's, but Godolphin's only he "let her play with them," as he observed magnanimously. He was gratified with the further information that the tower was for the process of elevation was not a church but the Tower of Babel; and he was then treated to the history of that remarkable building as related in Holy Writ.

"You didn't know that, did you?" remarked Godolphin grandly, when he had finished his narration in a harsh bawl, being one of those coarsely constituted brats whom their parents boast of as after the pattern of the infant Hercules.

The footman returned before Godolphin had wrung a confession of ignorance from the nervous visitor, and Theodore darted up to follow him out of the room.

He found Juanita reclining on a low couch near the fire in a dilapidated drawing-room, that room which he remembered having entered only once before on the occasion of an afternoon spent at the Priory when Sir Godfrey had taken him to his den to show him a new Japanese folio copy of Thomson's Seasons, with the famous Hartolozzi mezzotints. It was a good old room, especially at Christmas, when the dullness of the outlook made less difference. The fire-light gleamed cheerily on the rich blidings of the books, on the black wood-work, and fondly touched that reclining figure dressed in a loose white cashmere gown, the rich folds of an Oriental coverlet draped around her recumbent form.

"How good of you to come to see me so soon, Theodore," she said, giving him her hand. "I know you only came to Dorchester yesterday. The girls were here the day before, and told me they expected you."

"You did not think I should be in the country very long without finding my way here, did you, Juanita?"

"Well, no, perhaps not. I know what a true friend you are to me, all that my husband might have been, if God had let him live. And now tell me, have you made any further discoveries?"

"One more discovery, Juanita, as I told you briefly in my last letter. I have traced the squire's daughter to the end of her life, most unhappy life—and so ends the Strangway family as you know of their existence—that is to say, those three Strangways who had a prior right to feel themselves aggrieved by the loss of the land upon which they were born.

"Tell me all you learned from Miss Newton. Your letter was brief and vague, but as I knew I was to see you at Christmas, I waited for fuller details. Tell me everything, Theodore."

He obeyed her, and related the bitter, commonplace story of Evelyn Strangway's life, as told him by her old governess. There were no elements of romance in the story. It was as common as the Divorce Court or the daily papers.

"Poor creatures! Well, there ends my theory, at least about her," said Juanita gloomily. "Her brothers were dead, and she was dead, long before that fatal night. Did they bequeath their vengeance to anyone else, I wonder? Who else is there in this world who had reason to hate my father or me? And I know that no creature upon this earth could have cause to hate my husband."

"In your father's calling there is always a possibility of a deadly hate, inexplicable, unknown to the subject. Remember the fate of Lord Mayo. A judge who holds the keys of life and death must make many enemies."

"Yes," she sighed. "there is that to be thought of. Oh, my dearest and best, why do you ever link your life with that of a Judge's daughter? I feel as if I had lured him to his doom. I might have foreseen the danger. I ought never to have married. What right had I? Some discharged felon lay in wait for him in some relentless, Godless, hopeless wretchedness my father had condemned to long imprisonment—whose angry heart my father had scorched with his scathing speech. I have read some of his summings up, and they have seemed cruel, cruel, cruel—so cold, so deliberate, so like a god making light of the sins of man. Some wretch, coming maddened out of his silent cell, and seeing my husband—that white, pure life, that brave, strong youth—prosperous, honored, happy—seeing what a good man's life can be—lay in wait like a tiger, to destroy that happy life. If it was not one of the Strangways who killed him, it must have been such a man."

Her eyes shone, and her cheeks flushed with a feverish red. Theodore took her hand, held it in both his own, and bent to kiss the cold fingers—not with a lover's ardor, but with a love; but with a calm and brotherly affection which soothed her agitated heart. He loved her well enough to be able to subjugate himself for her sake.

"My dear Juanita, if you would only withdraw your thoughts from this ghastly subject. I will not ask you to forget. That may be impossible. I entreat you only to be patient, to leave the chastisement of crime to Providence, which works in the dark, works silently, but inevitably to the end for which we can only grope in a lame and helpless fashion. Be sure the murderer will stand revealed sooner or later. That cruel murder will not be his last crime, and in his next act of violence he may be less fortunate in escaping every human eye. Or if that act is to be the one second crime of his life something will happen to betray him—some oversight of his own, or some irrepressible movement of a guilty conscience will give his life to the net, as a bird flies into a trap. I beseech you, dear, let your thoughts dwell upon less painful subjects—for your own sake—for the sake—"

He faltered, and left his sentence unfinished, and Juanita knew that his sisters had told him something of her, that he had no hope of her blighted life, hope which she had hardly recognized as hope yet awhile, was known to him.

"I can never cease to think of that night, or to pray that God will avenge that crime," she said firmly. "You think that is an unchristian prayer perhaps, but what does the scripture say. 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' Christ came to confirm that righteous law. Oh, it is well to be a humanitarian—to sign petitions against capital punishment—but let your dearest and nearest be murdered, and you will be quick to recognize the justice of that old, inexorable law of life for a life. That is what I want, Theodore—the life of the man who killed my husband."

"If I can see any way to bring about that end, Juanita, believe me that I will not shrink from the task; but at present I must own that I am off the track, and see no likelihood of succeeding where a trained detective has failed. My last letter to you contained a hint that I had found a shred of evidence to put me on the trail, I would pursue that clue to the bitter end. But so far all is dark."

"Yes, all is dark," she answered, dejectedly, and then, after a pause, she said, "You are going to stay at Cheriton I hear?"

"I am to spend three days there at the turn of the year, just before I go back to London. I have chambers in Furret court, exactly over the room in which your father spent the golden years of his youth, the years that made him a great man. It will be very interesting to me to hear his talk over those years, if I can beguile him into talking of himself, a subject which he so seldom deals upon."

"Ask him if he ever made a bitter enemy. Ask him for his experience as a judge at assizes—find out if you can whether he ever provoked the hatred of an unscrupulous, vindictive man."

"My dear Juanita, half the criminals who are sentenced would come under that denomination; but fortunately they have not yet taken to wreaking their wrath upon the judges who pronounced them guilty. Your father's life-long friend—such hatred as one reads of in Ireland and in Corsica; the hate that kills for the sake of killing, and will kill an innocent third party to injure the object of its malignity."

"I will question your father, Juanita."

"Do! He will not let me talk to him about the one subject that occupies my mind. He always stops me on the threshold of any inquiries. He might surely help me to find the murderer, with his highly trained intellect; with his experience of the darkest side of human nature. But he will not help me. He would leave the newly-married to—to—"

"I will sound him," answered Theodore, and then he tried to beguile her into talking of other things—home, her surroundings.

"It must be a comfort to you to have Lady Jane."

"A comfort! She is all that I have of happiness—all that reminds me of Godfrey. My mother and father are very dear to me—I hope you believe that, Theodore!—but our lives are parted now. My mother belongs to her husband. Neither of them can sympathise with me as his mother can. Their loss is not the same as mine. We are not in one in our grief."

"And she is a buffer between you and the outer world I see. She bears the burden that would weigh you down. Those children, for instance—I doubt they are charming children, dren go; but I fancy they would worry you if you had too much of them."

"They would kill me," said Juanita, smiling at him for the first time since his entrance, "I am afraid, I am not very fond of children. It sounds unnatural to say so, but I find myself wishing they could be born grown up. Fortunately Lady Jane adores them. And I am glad to be with her at Christmas here at Christmas time. I want all things to be as they would have been were my dearest here. I lie here and look round this room, which was his, and think, and think, and think of him till I almost fancy he is here. Idle fancy! Mocking dream! Oh! if you knew how often I dream that he is living still, and I his happy wife. I dream that he has been dead—or at least that we have all believed that he was dead—but that it was a mistake. He is alive, our love for long years to come. The wild rapture of that dream wakes me, and I know I am alone. God keep you, Theodore, from such a loss as mine."

"I must gain something before I can lose it," he answered, with a shade of bitterness. "I see myself as the years go on hardening into a lonely old bachelor, outliving the capacity for human affection."

"That is nonsense-talk. You think so just now, perhaps. There is no one beyond your own family you care for, and you fancy yourself shut out from the romance of life—but your day will come, very suddenly perhaps. You will see someone whom you can care for. Love will enter your life unawares, and will fill your heart and mind, and the ambition that absorbs you now will seem a small thing."

"Never, Juanita. I don't mean to plague you, dear, by repeating what I have once given me your friendship, and I hope to be worthy of it; but pray do not talk to me of the chances of my life being brightened by the remote hope of getting on at the Bar. If I fail in that I fail in everything."

"You will not fail. There is no reason you should not prosper in your profession as my father prospered. I often think that you are like him—more like him than you are like your own father."

Their talk touched on various subjects after this—on the great events of the world, the events that make history—on books and theaters, and then upon Sarah Newton, whose plan of life interested Juanita.

He told her of the woman called Marian, and her implacable resentment.

"I wonder if you ever knew her among your villagers," he said. "I should much like to know what she is. She interests me very much I can say. There is a refinement in her manners and appearance that convinces me she must have belonged to superior people. She was never born in a laborer's cottage, or amidst a small shopkeeper's shabby surroundings. She was never taught at a Normal School, or broken to domestic service."

"And she was once very handsome, you say?"

"Yes, she must have been beautiful before illness and trouble set their marks upon her face. She is only a wreck now, but there is beauty in the wreck."

"How old do you suppose her to be?"

"Eight or nine-and-twenty. It is difficult to guess a woman's age within two or three years, and their sorrows leave no definite record of trouble; but I don't think she can be over thirty."

"There is only one person I can think of who would in any manner answer your description," said Juanita, thoughtfully.

"Who is that?"

"Mercy Porter. You must have heard about Mercy Porter, the daughter of the woman at East lodge."

"Yes, yes, I remember. She ran away with a middle aged man—an army man—one of your father's visitors."

"I was a child at the time, and of course I heard very little about it. I only knew that Mercy Porter who used to come to tea with my mother, and who played the piano better than my governess, suddenly vanished from our lives, and that I never saw her again. My mother was quite fond of her, and I remember hearing her say, I thought I was too young myself to know what beauty meant. I could not think anyone pretty who wore such plain frocks, and such stout, useful boots as Mercy wore. Her mother certainly did nothing to set off her good looks, or to instil vanity. Years after my mother told me how the girl disappeared with her, my mother said, for she pitied her despair, and he was young, and in some wise to blame for having brought such an unprincipled man as Colonel Tremaine to his house. He was a professional ruin into many homes. Mercy had been seen to leave Wareham Station with him by the night mail. Her mother received a letter from her, written in the midst of my happy love. What had I done to deserve happiness more than she, that life should be so bright for me and so darken for her. I did not know that my day of agony was to come.

"Did you ever hear how Colonel Tremaine treated her?"

"No! I believe my father wrote him a very severe letter, and called upon him to repair the wrong he had done; but I don't think he even took so much trouble as to answer that letter. He married a rich widow five years afterwards, so it is only too clear that he must have abandoned that poor, unhappy girl."

Theodore, with his wider knowledge of life, did not think the abandonment inevitable.

"Poor Mrs. Porter bore her misery very quietly after that one outburst of despair," pursued Juanita, "and my mother, who had not liked her before that time, quite took to her afterwards, and they have been good friends ever since. Scarcely a week passes without meeting at the lodge."

"And has nothing been heard of Mercy since her flight?"

"Nothing."

"I wonder her mother has sat at home quietly all these years instead of making strenuous efforts to find her lost lamb." said Theodore.

"Ah, that is almost exactly what Godfrey said of her. He seemed to think her heartless for taking things so quietly. She is a curious woman—self-contained, and silent. I sometimes fancy she was more angry than grieved at Mercy's fate. Mother says she turns to ice at the slightest mention of the girl's name. Don't you think love would show itself differently?"

"You can never be sure about other people's sentiments. Love has many languages."

Their talk drifted to more common-place subjects. And then Theodore rose to take leave.

"You must dine at the Priory before your holiday is over, Theo," said his cousin, as they shook hands. "Let me see— to-morrow will be Christmas-day—will you come the day before and bring the sisters! It is too long a drive for a winter's night, so you must stay, there is plenty of room."

"Are you sure we shall not bore you?"

"I am sure you will cheer me. My sister-in-law is very good—but Lady Jane is the only person in this house of whom I can think with desperately tired, including myself," she added with a sigh. "Please say you will come, and I will order your rooms."

"We will come then. Good night, Juanita."

The shadows were falling as he drove away, after rattling his fare in the drawing-room, and a further acquaintance with the wonderful children.

He looked forward to that evening at the Priory with an eager expectancy that he knew to be supreme foolishness, and when the evening came, it brought some measure of disappointment with it. Juanita was not so well as she had been upon Christmas Eve. She was not able to dine downstairs, and the family dined, at which Johnnie and Lucy were allowed to take their places in virtue of Christmas time, was a very dull and Philistine business to Theodore. His only pleasure was in the fact that he sat on Lady Jane's right hand, and was able to talk with her of Juanita. Even that pleasure was alloyed with bitterness pain; for Lady Jane's talk was all about Juanita, which cast its shadow over Juanita's youth, or at that dim and dawning hope which might brighten the coming days—and neither in the love of the past nor in the love of the future had Theodore any part. Juanita was on her sofa by the drawing-room fire when he and Mr. Grenville left the dining-room, after a single glass of claret, and a brief review of the political situation. Theodore's sisters were established on each side of her. There was no chance for him while they were absorbing her attention, and he retired disconsolately to the group in the middle of the room, where Mrs. Grenville and Lady Jane were seated on a capacious ottoman with the four children about them.

Johnnie and Lucy, who had over-eaten themselves, were disposed to be quiet, the little girl leaning her fair cheek and fat, shining forehead against her grandmother's shoulder with an air that looked touching, but really indicated repletion, while Johnnie lying on the carpet at his mother's feet, and wishing he had not eaten that mince pie, telling himself that, on the whole, the future promised to be happier if he should never see one again. Godolphin and Mabel having dined early, were full of troublesome exuberance, waiting to be jumped, which entertainment Theodore had provided without intermission for nearly half-an-hour, upheaving first one and then another towards the ceiling, to the imminent peril of candle in ruby velvet, and rosy bundle in white muslin, laughing, screaming, enraptured, to be caught in his arms, and set carefully on the ground, there to await his next turn. "Theodore slaved at this recreation until his arms ached, casting a longing glance every now and then at the corner by the fire-place where his sisters were chatting with Juanita to the result of their latest heavy reading.

At last, to his delight, Lucy recovered from her unstable condition, and began to thirst for amusement.

"Let's have magic music," she said, "we can all play at that, Granny and all. You know we never have in a laborer's cottage, or amidst a small shopkeeper's shabby surroundings. She was never taught at a Normal School, or broken to domestic service."

"Yes, Lucy, we can play, if you wish, and you sing!"

"Yes, she must have been beautiful before illness and trouble set their marks upon her face. She is only a wreck now, but there is beauty in the wreck."

"Sophy looked agonized, but complied; and he slipped into her vacant place.

He sat by his cousin's side for nearly an hour, while the children, mother, and grandmother sitting their nearest, made the sound of dance music, neatly executed by Sophy's accurate fingers. Their talk was of indifferent subjects, and he felt glad that the conversation was enjoyed by Janet; but to Theodore it was bliss enough to be there, by his cousin's side, within sound of her melodious voice, within reach of her white hand, and to look at her, and watch her face, and drink in the tones of her voice, was enough. He asked no more from Fate than that.

He had a long talk with her in her own room next morning before he went back to Dorchester, and he felt that he was not tired of that subject which absorbed her thoughts.

"Be sure you find out all you can from my father," she said at parting.

Lady Cheriton's sorrow bore no impress of the tragedy that had blighted Juanita's honeymoon. There were no festivities this winter at the Chase, no large house-party. There had been a few quite elderly, or middle-aged visitors during the shooting season, and there had been some slaughter of those pheasants which kept to the sight, and some slaughter of the barn-door fowls, upon the five-barred gates and post-and-rail fences of the Chase. But hunters or even sober gentlemen in May favor bland and wife—had all departed, and the house was empty of all strangers when Theodore arrived, just in time for dinner on New Year's eve. Nothing could have suited him better than this. He wanted to be *tete-a-tete* with Lord Cheriton; to glean all in the way of information or reminiscence that might fall from those wise lips.

"If there is a man living who can teach me how to be a man who has power, I am James Dalbrook," he said to himself, thinking of his cousin by that name which he had so often heard in his father's lean talking of old days.

Lady Cheriton greeted him affectionately, made him sit by her in the library, where a seven-leaved Indian screen made a cosy corner for the tea-table, and then left him a minutes before dinner. She was a handsome woman still, with that grand-looking Spanish beauty of her race, and she was a fine lady, and was dressed to perfection in lusterless black silk, relieved by the glitter of jet here and there, and by the soft white kerchief, worn *a la* Marie-Antoinette. There was scarcely a thread of gray in the rich black hair, piled in massive plaits upon the aristocratic-looking head. Theodore regarded her with a kind of almost worshiping admiration. It was Juanita's face he saw in those classic lines.

"I want to have a good talk with you, Theo," she said, "there is no one else to whom I can talk so freely, now my poor Godfrey is gone. We sit here of an evening, now, you see. The children come to me, and I only used when there are people in the house, and even then I feel miserable there. I cannot get his image out of my mind. Cheriton insists that the room shall be used, that it shall not be made a shrine of room, —and no doubt it is best so—but one cannot forget such a tragedy as that."

"I know that will forever remain with you."

"Ah, that is what I try to hope. She is so young, at the very beginning of life, and it does seem hard that those hopes for which other women live should be over and done with her. I wish I could believe in the power of time to cure her. I wish I could believe that she will be able to love somebody else as she loved Godfrey. If she does, I daresay it will be some new person who has had nothing to do with her early life. I had been in and out of love before I met James Dalbrook, but the sight of him seemed like the beginning of a new life. I felt as if I had been preordained that I was to love him, and only him—that nothing else had been real. Yes, Theodore," with a sigh, "you may depend if ever she should care for anybody, it will be a new person.

"Very lucky for the new person, and rather hard upon anyone who happens to have loved all his life."

"Is there anyone—like that?"

"I think you know there is, Lady Cheriton.'

"Yes, Juanita, my dear boy, I know," she answered kindly, but with a meaning upon him. "I won't pretend not to know. I wish, wish all my heart, you could make her care for you. Theodore, you are worthy of the highest. Be a good and true husband to her, a kind and just-dealing father to Godfrey's child—that Atherleigh child. Oh, Theodore, is it not sad to think of the child who will never know the brief hour—feel the touch of a father's hand, or know the blessing of a father's love. Such a dead blank where there should be the fullest life and joy. We must wait, Theo. Who can dispose of the future? I shall be a happy woman if ever you win her, and you have won the reward of a life's devotion."

"God bless you for your goodness to me," he faltered, kissing the soft white hand, so like in form and outline to Juanita's hand, only plumper and more matronly.

They dined snugly, a cosy trio, in a small room, hung with genuine old cordovan leather, and adorned with Moorish crockery, a room which was called her ladyship's parlor, and which had been one of Lord Cheriton's birthday gifts to his wife, furnished and decorated during her absence at a German bath. When Lord Cheriton had dined they went into their chairs towards the fire, lighted their cigars and settled themselves for an evening's talk.

The great lawyer was in one of his pleasant moods. He gave Theodore the benefit of his experience as a staff gown, and did all that the advice of a wise senior can do towards putting a tyro on the right track.

"You will have to bide your time," he said in conclusion; "it is a tedious business. You must make all its chambers and read till your chance comes. Always be there, that's the grand point. Don't be out when Fortune knocks at your door. She will come in a very insignificant shape on her earliest visits—with a shabby little two guinea brief in her hand; but don't you let that shabby little brief be carried to somebody else just because you are out of the way. I suppose you are really fond of the law."

"Yes, I am very fond of my profession. It is meat and drink to me.'

"Then you will get on. Any man of moderate abilities is bound to succeed in any profession which he loves with a heart-whole love; and your abilities are much better than moderate."

There was a little pause in the talk while Lord Cheriton threw on a fresh log and lighted a second cigar.

"I have been meditating a good deal upon Sir Godfrey's murder," said Theodore, "and I am perplexed by the utter darkness that surrounds the murderer and his motive. No doubt you have some theory upon the subject."

"No, I have no theory. I have not really nothing upon which to build a theory. Churton, the detective, talked about a vendetta—suggested poacher, tenant, tramp, gipsy, any member of the dangerous classes who might happen to consider himself aggrieved by poor Godfrey. He even went so far as to make a very unpleasant suggestion, and urged that there might be a woman at the bottom of the business, speculated upon some youthful intrigue of Sir Godfrey's. Now, from all I know of that young man I believe his life had been blameless. He was the soul of honor. He would never have dealt cruelly with any woman.

"And you, Lord Cheriton," said Theodore, hardly following the latter part of his cousin's speech in his self-absorption.

His kinsman started and looked at him indignantly.

"And you—in your capacity of judge, for instance—have you never made a deadly foe?

"Well, I suppose the men and women I have sentenced have hardly loved me; but I doubt if the worst of them ever had any strong personal feeling about me. They have taken me as part of the machinery of the law—of no more account than the iron door of a cell or a beam of the scaffold."

"Yet there have been instances of active malignity—the assassination of Lord Mayo, for instance.

"Oh, the assassin in that case was an Indian, and mad. We live in a different latitude. Besides, it is rather too far-fetched an idea to suppose that a man would shoot my son-in-law in order to avenge himself upon me."

"The shot may have been fired under a misapprehension. The figure seated reading in the lamp-light may have been mistaken for you."

"The assassin must have been uncommonly short-sighted to mistake Mayo for me. I can say such a thing would be impossible, for experience has taught me that there is nothing in this life too extraordinary; but it is very unlikely a notion to dwell upon. Indeed I think, Theodore, we must dismiss this painful business from our minds. It is very much if ever to be cleared up it will be by a fluke; but even that seems to me a very remote contingency. Have you not observed that if a murderer is not caught within two days of his crime he is hardly ever caught at all. I might almost say if he is not caught within one day. Once let the scent cool, and the chances are a hundred to one in his favor."

"Yet Juanita has set her heart upon seeing her husband avenged."

"Ah, that is where her Spanish blood shows itself. An Englishwoman, pure and simple, would think only of her sorrow. My poor girl hungers for revenge. Time may favor her perhaps, but I doubt it. The best thing that can happen to her will be to forget her first husband, the father of her child, and choose a second. It is horrible to think that the rest of her life is to be a blank. With her beauty and position she may look high. I am obliged to be ambitious for my daughter, you see, Theodore, since Heaven has not spared me a son."

Theodore saw only too plainly that whatever favor his hopes might have from soft hearted Lady Cheriton, his own kinsman, James Dalbrook, would be against him. This mattered very little to him at present in the face of his own sense of hopeless love. One gleam of hope from Juanita herself would have seemed more to him than it was a heart-broken kindness. It was her hand that held his fate; it was she alone who could make his life blessed.

New Year's day was a fine but frosty, a sharp, clear day on which Cheriton Park looked loveliest, the trees made fairy-like by the light rime, the long stretches of turf touched with a silvery whiteness, the distant copses and boundary of pine trees half hidden in a pale gray mist.

Theodore walked across the park with Lady Cheriton to the eleven o'clock service in the church, at the end of Cheriton village. It was nearly a mile from the great house to the fine old fifteenth century church, but Lady Cheriton always walked to church in decent weather, albeit her servants were conveyed there luxuriously in a capacious omnibus specially retained for their use. On this New Year's day at eleven Theodore told her of his meeting with Miss Newton's protege, and of Juanita's idea that the woman called Marian might be no other than Mercy Porter.

"I certainly remember no other case of a girl about leave leaving her home under disgraceful circumstances—that is to say, without the benefit of ment and education," said Lady Cheriton. "There have been cases among the villagers, no doubt; but I think the girl must be really a superior person, and really comes from Cheriton, I think Juanita is right, and that you must have happened to meet her upon Mercy Porter. Her mother ought to be told about it, without delay.

"Will you tell her, or will you put me in the way of doing so?"

"Would you like to see Mrs. Porter?"

"Yes I feel interested in her, chiefly because she may be Marian's mother. I should like to go to work very carefully, so as not to cause her too keen a disappointment in the event of Juanita's guesses being wrong."

"I do not know that you will find her very soft-hearted where her daughter is concerned," replied Lady Cheriton, thoughtfully. "I sometimes fear that she has hardened herself against that unhappy girl. The troubles of her own early life may have hardened her, perhaps. It is not easy to bear a long series of troubles with patience and gentleness."

"Do you know much of her history?

"Only that she lost her husband when she was still a young woman, and that he had left her to face the world penniless with her young daughter. If my husband had not happened to hear of her circumstances she would have starved. He had been intimate with her husband when he was a young man in London, and it seemed to him a duty to do what he could for her; so he persuaded old an old gardener who used to live in that pretty cottage, and he had the cottage thoroughly renovated for Mrs. Porter. She had a little furniture of a rather superior kind warehoused in London, and with this she was able to make a snug and pretty home for herself. Perhaps you will see if you call upon her after the service. You are sure to see her at church."

"Was she very fond of her little girl in those days?"

"I hardly know. People have different ways of showing affection. She was very strict with poor Mercy. She educated her at a good and never allowed her to associate with any of the village children. She kept the child entirely under her own eye, and made the poor child, and I used to have her up at the house for an afternoon now and then, just to introduce some variety into her life. When she grew up into a beautiful young woman her mother seemed to dislike these visits, and stipulated that Mercy should only come to see me when there were no visitors in the house. She did not want her head turned by any of those foolish compliments which frivolous people are so fond of paying to a girl of that age, never thinking of the mischief they may do. I told her that I thought she was over-careful, and that as Mercy must discover that she was handsome sooner or later, it was just as well she should gain some experience of life at once. Her

instinctive self-respect would teach her how to take care of herself; and if she could be safe anywhere she would be safe with me. Mrs. Porter is a rather obstinate person, and she took her own way. She kept Mercy as close as if she had been an Oriental slave; and yet, somehow, Colonel Tremaine contrived to make love to her, and tempted her away from her home. Perhaps if that home had been a little less dismal the girl might not have been so easily tempted."

They had left the park by this time and were nearing the church. A scanty congregation came slowly in after Lady Cheriton and her companion had taken their seats in the comfortable chancel pew. The congregation was chiefly feminine. Middle-aged women in every dap bonnets and fur-trimmed cloaks, with their shoulders up to their ears. Girls in felt hats and smart tight-fitting jackets. A few pious villagers of advanced years spectacled, feeble, with wrinkled faces half hidden under poke bonnets; two representative old men with long white hair, and quavering voices, distinguishable above the scanty choir.

Amidst this sparse congregation Theodore had no difficulty in discovering Mrs. Porter.

She sat in one of the front benches on the left side of the aisle, which side was reserved for the tradespeople and humbler inhabitants of Cheriton; while the benches on the right were occupied by the county people, and some small fry who ranked with those elect of the earth—with them, but not of them—a retired colonel of artillery and his wife, the village doctor, and the village lawyer, and two or three female annuitants of good family.

A noticeable woman, this Mrs. Porter, anywhere. She was tall and thin, straight as a dart, with strongly marked features and white hair. Her complection was pale and sallow, the kind of skin which is generally described as sickly. If she had ever been handsome all traces of that former beauty had disappeared. It was a hard face, without womanly charm, yet with an unmistakable air of refinement. She wore her neat little black straw bonnet and black cloth mantle like a lady, and she walked like a lady, as Theodore saw presently, when that portion of the little band of worshipers which did not remain behind for the celebration dribbled slowly out of church.

He left Lady Cheriton kneeling in the pew, and followed Mrs. Porter out of the porch and along the village street, and thence into that rustic lane which led to the west lodge. He had spoken to her only once in his life, on a summer morning, when he happened to find her standing at her garden gate, and when it had been impossible for her to avoid him. He knew that she must have seen him going in and out of the park gates often enough for his appearance to be very familiar to her, so he had no scruple in introducing himself.

"Good morning, Mrs. Porter," he said, overtaking her in the deeply sunk lane, between those rocky banks where harts tongue and polypodium grew so luxuriantly in summer, and where even in this wintry season the lichens and mosses spread their rich coloring over gray stone and brown earth, and above which the snow-laden boughs showed white against the cold blue brightness of the sky.

She turned and bowed stiffly.

"Good morning, sir."

"You haven't forgotten me, I hope. I am Theodore Dalbrook of Dorchester. I fancied you must have seen me pass your window too often to forget me easily?

"I am not much given to watching the people who pass in and out, sir. When his Lordship gave me the cottage he was good enough to allow me a servant to open the park gate, as he knew that I was not strong enough to bear exposure to all kinds of weather. I am free to live my own life therefore, without thinking of his lordship's visitors."

"I am sorry to intrude myself upon your notice, Mrs. Porter, but I want to speak to you upon a very delicate subject, and I must ask your forgiveness in advance if I should touch upon an old wound."

She looked at him curiously, shrinkingly even, with a latent anger in her pale grey eyes, eyes that had been naturally prominent, but which time or tears had faded to a glassy dulness.

"I have no desire to discuss old wounds with anyone," she said coldly. "My troubles at least are my own."

"Not altogether your own, Mrs. Porter. The sorrow of which I am speaking touches another life—the life of one who has been dear to you."

"I have nothing to do with any other life."

"Not even with the life of your only child?"

"Not even with the life of my only child," she answered doggedly. "She left me of her own accord, and I have done with her for ever. I stand utterly alone in this world, utterly alone," she repeated.

"And if I tell you that I think and believe I have found your daughter in London—very poor—working for her living, very sad and lonely, her beauty wasted, her life joyless—would you not wish to know more—would not your heart yearn towards her?"

"No! I tell you I have done with her. She has passed out of my life. I stand alone."

There was a tone of finality in these words which left no room for argument.

Theodore lifted his hat, and walked on.

(To be Continued.)

The Food of the Writer.

One of two things a writer must do: He must either read or circulate; 'twere better if he were to do both. If he does neither, he will surely break down—he may grow fat and heartier in the body than ever before, but his ability to produce with his brain will be gone. He has run out of stock, poor fool!

You may search history through and you'll not find a great author who "broke down."

Mr. Shakespeare didn't break down; he replenished his mind both by reading and circulation. Charles Dickens didn't break; he was not a reader, but he was a circulator; night after night he traversed London, studying human nature. Father Prout was a reader, but no circulator; in the study of literature he pinned food and refreshment which his magnificent brain required. Victor Hugo didn't break; he improved with age. The big men have achieved bigness by conducting their intellectual affairs on sensible, practical principles. The fire that is constantly replenished will not go out until it is put out.

The so-called literary men who gad and prattle about the waning intellectual powers of age are either those who have no intellectual power to wane, or those who have neglected or abused their gifts. With those creatures we have no patience, nor shall we have any dealings; but to every young and ambitious author we give this golden advice: Disregarding all croakers, pay diligent heed to the replenishment of your minds; lay in stock constantly: read ten pages of what somebody else has written to every one you yourself write. Abide by this advice, and, though you live to be as old as Methusiah, you will never break nor falter.—*Chicago News.*

He Did It Neatly.

The way in which John Stuart Mill proposed to the lady who eventually became his wife is said to have been as follows:—

"I wish I had your head, Mr. Mill," remarked the lady, on an occasion when that gentleman had solved for her a difficult problem.

"And I wish I had your heart," replied Mr. Mill.

"Well," said the lady, "since your head and my heart agree so well, I am willing that we should go into partnership." And such was the result.

Fair Warning.

She—You must never let father see you put your arm around my waist.

He—Why, would he be so angry?

She—No dear; but he would try to borrow some money from you.

The Discovery of Robinson Crusoe.

On the 2nd of August, 1708, Captain Woodes Rogers left for a privateering expedition to the South Seas from Bristol Roads, England. His complement consisted of the Duke, burden about 320 tons, 30 guns and 117 men; the Duchess, burden about 260 tons, 26 guns and 108 men. He encountered many strange experiences and adventures, and especially remarkable was the discovery of Alexander Selkirk, the Scottish mariner who was the original of De Foe' immortal hero, Robinson Crusoe.

In 1712, Captain Rogers published his journal and this has now been reprinted, with notes and illustrations, by Robert C. Leslie, under the title of Life Aboard a British Privateer. Every reader of SATURDAY NIGHT will be interested in the following journal, so quaintly written by Captain Rogers. But a moment's interruption to say that on January 15, 1709, the ships entered the South Sea. Several of the men were now suffering from scurvy, and it was determined to make with all speed for the island of Juan Fernandez. Of its exact position, we know, they were unaware, none of their charts agreeing as to its latitude or longitude, and, it being a small island, they were in great fears they might miss it. Their usual luck did not in this instance desert them, and on January 31, at seven o'clock in the morning, they made the island on which they found Alexander Selkirk.

Now here is the captain's story:

February 1.—About two yesterday in the afternoon we hoisted our pinnace out; Captain Dover with the boat's crew went in her to go ashore, tho' we could not be less than four leagues off. As soon as the pinnace was gone, I went on board the Duchess, who admired our boat attempting going ashore at that distance from land. As soon as it was dark, we saw a light ashore; our boat was then about a league from the island, and bore away for the ships as soon as she saw the lights. We put out lights aboard (or the boat, lest some were of opinion the lights we saw were our boat's lights; but as night came on it appeared too large for that. We fired our quarter-deck gun and several muskets, showed lights in our mizzen and fore shrouds, that our boat might find us, whilst we plied in the lee of the island. About two in the morning our boat came on board; we were glad they got well off because it began to blow. We were all convinced the light is on the shore, and began to make our ships ready to engage, believing them to be French ships at anchor, and we must either fight 'em or want water, etc.

February 2.—We stood along the south end of the island in order to lay in with the first southerly wind, which Captain Dampier told us generally blows there all day long. The flaws came heavy off the shore, and we were forced to reef our topsails when we opened the middle bay where we expected to find our enemy, but saw all clear, and saw no ships in that or the other bays. We guessed there had been ships there, but they were gone on sight of us. We sent our yawl ashore about noon, with Captain Dover, Mr. Frye, and six men all armed. Our boat did not return, so we sent our pinnace with the men armed, to see what was the occasion of that yawl's stay; for we were afraid that the Spaniards had a garrison there, and might have seized them. We put out a signal for our boat, and the Duchess showed a French ensign. Immediately our pinnace returned from the shore, and brought abundance of crawfish, with a Man clothed in goatskins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them. He had been on the island four years and four months, being left there by Capt. Standing in the Cinque Ports. His name was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman who had been master of the Cinque-Ports, a ship that came there last with Capt. Dampier, who told me that this was the best man in her; so I immediately agreed with him to be a mate on board our ship. 'Twas he that made the fire last night when he saw our ships, which he judged to be English. During his stay here, he saw several ships pass by, but only two came in to anchor. As he went to co'e 'em, he found 'em to be Spaniards, and retired from 'em; upon which they shot at him. Had they been French he would have submitted; but chose to risk his dying alone on the island rather than to fall into the hands of the Spaniards in these parts, because he apprehended they would murder him, or make a slave of him in the mines, for he feared they would spare no stranger that might be capable of discovering the South Sea. The Spaniards had landed before he knew what they were, and they came so near him that he had much ado to escape; for they not only shot at him, but pursued him into the woods, where he climbed to the top of a tree, where they halted and killed several goats just by, but went off again without discovering him. He told us that he was born at Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, and was bred a sailor here was a difference betwixt him and the captain; which, together with the ship's being leaky, made him willing rather to stay here than go along with him at first; and when he was at last willing, the captain would not receive him. He had been in the island before, to wood and water, when two of the ship's company were left upon it for six months till the ship returned, being chased thence by two French South Sea ships. This is to will be seen that Selkirk was not the first involuntary inhabitant of Juan Fernandez).

He had with him his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, some practical pieces, and his mathematical instruments and books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could; but for the first eight months had much ado to bear up against melancholy, and the terror of being left alone in such a desolate place. He built two huts with pimento trees, covered with long grass and lined them with the skins of goats, which he killed with his gun as he wanted, so long as his powder lasted, which was but a pound; and that being near spent, he got fire by rubbing two sticks of wood very dry together upon his knee. In the lesser hut, at some distance from the other, he dressed his victuals, and in the larger he slept and improved himself in reading, singing psalms—and praying; so that he said he was a better Christian while in this solitude than ever he was before, or than, he was afraid, he should ever be again. At first he never ate anything till hunger constrained him, partly from grief, and partly for want of bread and salt; nor did he go to bed till he could watch no longer; the pimento wood which burnt very clear, served him both for firing and candle, and refreshed him with its pleasant smell.

He might have had fish enough but could not eat 'em for want of salt, except crawfish, which are there as large as lobsters, and very good. These he sometimes boiled, and at others broiled, as he did goats' flesh, of which he made very good broth, for they are not so rank as ours. He kept an account of five hundred that he killed while there, and caught as many more, which he marked on the ear and let go. When powder failed, he took them by speed of foot; for his way of living and continued exercise of walking and running cleared him of all gross humors, so that he ran with wonderful swiftness through woods and up the rocks and hills, as we perceived when we employed him to catch goats for us. We had a bulldog which we sent with several of our nimblest runners to help him in catching goats; but he distanced and tired both the dog and the men, catched the goats, and brought them to us on his back. He told us that his agility in pursuing a goat had once like to have cost him his life; he pursued it with so much eagerness, that he catched hold of it on the brink of a precipice, of which he was not aware, the bushes having hid it from him; so that he fell with the goat, down the said precipice a great height, and was so stunned and bruised with the fall that he narrowly escaped with his life; and when he came to his senses, found the goat dead under him. He lay there about twenty-four hours, and was scarce able to crawl to his hut, which was about a mile distance, or to stir abroad again in ten days.

He came at last to relish his meat well enough without salt or bread, and in the season plenty of good turnips, which had been sowed there by one of Captain Dampier's men, and have now overspread, cabbage from the cabbage trees, and seasoned his meat with the fruit of the pimento trees, which is the same as the Jamaica pepper, and smells deliciously.

He soon wore out all his shoes and clothes by running through the woods; and last, being forced to shift without them, his feet became so hard that he run everywhere without annoyance; and it was some time before he could wear shoes after we found him; for not being used to any so long, his feet swelled when he came first to wear them again.

And he had conquered his melancholy, he diverted himself sometimes by cutting his name on the trees, and the time of his being left and continuance there. He was at first much pestered with cats and rats, that had bred in great numbers from some of each species which had got ashore from ships that put in there to wood and water. The rats gnawed his feet and clothes while asleep, which obliged him to cherish the cats with goats' flesh; by which many of them became so tame that they would lie with him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from the rats. He likewise tamed some kids, and to divert himself one evening sung and danced with them and his cats; so that by the care of Providence and vigor of his youth, being now about thirty years old, he came at last to conquer all the inconveniences of his solitude and to be very easy.

When his clothes wore out, he made himself a coat and cap of goatskins, which he stitched together with little thongs of the same that he cut with his knife. He had no other needle but a nail; and when his knife was worn to the back, he made others as well as he could of some iron hoops that were left ashore, which he beat thin and ground upon stones. Having some linen cloth left, he sewed himself shirts with a nail, and stitched 'em with the worsted of his own stockings, which he pulled out on purpose. He had his last shirt on when we found him on the island.

At his first coming on board us, he had so much forgotten his language for want of use, that we could scarcc understand him; for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offered him a dram; but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but water since his being there, and 'twas some time before he could relish our victuals.

Besides the two sailors mentioned as living alone on Juan Fernandez, there are others spoken of by other writers. Ringrose, in his account of the voyage of Captain Sharp, the buccaneer, mentions one man who lived here quite alone for five years. Captain Dampier also tells of a Mosquito Indian left here by mistake, and remaining three years, till rescued by Dampier in 1684. In Selkirk's case his exile was most fortunate; for the ship he left was shortly afterwards lost and only a few of the crew escaped.

An Intriguing Countess.

The strange discovery of a letter has just resulted in the disgrace and exile from Austria, of the Empress's beautiful and popular niece, the Countess George Larisch, who for several years past has been one of the principal leaders of Viennese society. The Countess is the only daughter of the eldest and favorite brother of the Kaiserin, by his morganatic marriage with Baroness Wallersee, and, thanks to the favor of her imperial aunt and uncle, enjoyed a most privileged position in the Danubian capital. The mode which she selected for requiting their kindness was a strange one, to say the least. It consisted in placing her house at the disposal of her cousin, the late Crown Prince, not only for his rendezvous with the Baroness Marie Vetczera, but also for his intrigues with other fair ladies, who were anxious to afford to His Imperial Highness every proof of their devotion and attachment to the Hapsburg dynasty.

The discovery of her conduct was made in a somewhat curious manner. A short time previous to the mysterious tragedy at Mayerling, the Crown Prince had given an order for his portrait in full dress uniform to a well known Polish painter at Vienna. He had already sat several times, and had left the uniform in question at the studio of the artist. About a couple of weeks after the burial of the Archduke, the painter applied for an audience with the Emperor and on being received requested His Majesty's instructions concerning the picture. The latter asked him to finish it as best he could and to send it to the palace. Accordingly, the painter returned to his studio and, having selected a model resembling the Crown Prince, proceeded to clothe him in the magnificent gold embroidered uniform. While lifting the dolman, the artist was astonished to hear something rustle in one of the pockets, and on investigating the cause found a letter signed by the Countess Larisch and addressed to Archduke Rudolphs.

The contents were of a most shameful character and gave evidence not only of the fact that the Countess has fascered and fostered the love intrigues of her cousin, but that moreover she had received from him enormous sums of money and presents of jewelry for her services. The painter immediately hastened to the palace and handed the letter to the Emperor's aide-de-camp, General Count Parr, explaining to him under what circumstances it had come into his possession. Count Parr at once took it in to the Emperor, and on the following evening Countess George Larisch was stupid but good-natured husband had left Vienna forever.

The Painter Knows.

Stories of Irish wit and humor are like good wine—they mellow and acquire delicacy of flavor with age. They are ever green, retaining their freshness like the verdure of the Emerald Isle itself. Hibernicisms never lose their sparkle and mirth-compelling quality; neither age nor custom stales them, and the infinite variety; we never tire of telling or listening to them; scarcely anybody gets the idea into his head of speaking of them as antiquated. Here are a few specimens:

A pauper woman, who was being commiserated in having lost her teeth: "Sthupid, ma' isn't it time to lose thim, wh'n I've nothing for thim to do?"

"Pat," said a field officer, "go to your captain and tell him you're the laziest rascal in the regiment." "Plaze, yer honor, wud ye have me go to the captain wid a lie in me mouth?"

An Irishwoman, uninvited to a wake: "Well, well, I'll have a corpse of my own in my house some day, an' thin you'll see who'll be invited."

"Arrah! Where will you find a modern building that has lasted as long as the ould wan?"

"I am writing with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other."

"Mr. Speaker, I would give half of the constitution—nay, the whole of it—to save the remainder."

"Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all misfortunes is usually followed by a greater."

A party at cards. One player remarked: "There is a shilling short." "Who put it in?" asked an Irishmen present.

"He's so thin I'd hardly know him. You're thin, and I'm thin, but he's thinner than both of us put together."

Scientific Researches.

Wife (time midnight)—Pretty time of night for you to come home—and in such a condition, too.

Husband—M'dear, it's (hic) only fright. I sthopped in at zee micnroschope s'lety rooms and, mi'dear, I looked at shome water in micnroschope, mi'dear—she water we drink, mi'dear; and, sure zi live, mi'dear, I shaw it full of snakes. Merahy on me! Zhe 'em yet.'

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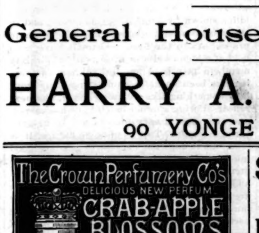

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Going Down the Hill.

People in middle life, or a shade past it, make a great mistake in surrendering to the insidious approaches of old age, and changing their habits and associations just because they are getting on in years. They should try and retain youthful feelings and vigor as long as possible, without of course being guilty of the folly of trying to cheat themselves into the belief that they are really young, or can pass for being so. Nothing is more ridiculous than to see a grey-haired man, or a lady "of a certain age," assuming all the airs of young people—striving to rejuvenate their appearance by hair dyes and cosmetics, and speaking of themselves as though they had just entered upon life. But this sort of affectation is a very different thing from the attempt to retain something of the youthful freshness of feeling, activity and energy while frankly acknowledging that we are "not so young as we used to be." There is none of the foppery or self-deception of the antiquated masher about Mr. Gladstone for instance—but yet how few young or middle-aged men are his equals in active work and intellectual accomplishment? The error which the man or woman who has passed the prime of life often makes is to subside into an armchair and hug the chimney corner, instead of continuing to mingle in the world and keep abreast with the times. They would do well to remember the old saying: "A woman is as old as she looks—a man is as old as he feels," and try to get as much good out of life as possible. It is better to wear out than to rust out.

The Craze for Notoriety.

One of the most marked characteristics of the present day is the prevalence of a mania for notoriety. Never before were there so many people striving by any and every means within their reach to make themselves seen and heard, to get their names into print, and to secure at least a brief and temporary publicity. The desire for fame, the wish to make a name that shall live in men's memories until a distant future, has always been a powerful incentive to action and a stimulus to the flagging ambition of men of powerful genius. But this modern itching for a sensational notoriety is a very different and a much lower passion. The notoriety-seeker, if he cannot be celebrated, deliberately prefers infamy to oblivion. He would sooner be branded with the eternal stigma attaching to the names of Guiteau, Pigott, or Jack the Ripper, than be forgotten. While in a few instances this manifestation of morbid and over-weening vanity prompts great crimes such as that of "the daring young fellow who fired the Ephesian dome," and the assassins of Lincoln and Garfield, in the great majority of cases its victims simply become harmless cranks or chronic busybodies. They hang upon the edge of political and social movements, interview public men and haunt newspaper offices to the terror of unfortunate editors. They are always on the watch for a chance to thrust themselves forward, and inflict their crude, ill digested or trite notions upon the public. Every new agitation is a godsend to them. They eagerly seize the opportunity afforded by any public excitement of ventilating their notions and attempting to attract to their little selves some portion of the attention attaching to the subject. Many a good cause has been greatly retarded, if not defeated, by the shoal of fussy, brainless notoriety hunters who always push themselves to the front, while better and wiser men keep modestly in the background. No cause is anything more to the man struck with the notoriety craze than the means of advancing himself. So long as he can hear his own self-complacent brays and see his name flourishing in the papers, he is in Elysium, whatever may befall the movement to which he has attached himself like a barnacle. Modern journalism is largely to blame for the abnormal development of the notoriety-craze. The interviewing system has its advantages when strictly confined to those who, by reason of their representative position or thorough acquaintance with public affairs, speak with some authority, or can throw a light on the topics touched upon. But it has been abused so as to pander to the vanity of conceited and ignorant nobodies and persons possessed of the mania for publicity. The ease with which, nowadays, every vaporing and empty-headed scribe or spouter can get what he is pleased to call his "views" before a large circle of readers has greatly fostered the evil. The notoriety-seeker thrives on abuse. It is a perfect picnic for him when some editor or correspondent for want of anything better to do undertakes to refute or assail him. He would a great deal sooner be kicked than passed by unnoticed. The only effective way to deal with him is to let him severely alone.

The Farewell Tour.

"May I come in, St. Peter?"

"And who are you?"

"My name is Patti—Adelina Andsoforth Patti."

"Are you sure you are ready to come in—and stay?"

"Quite sure."

"But we give no return tickets in case you should wish to go out for a while."

"But I shall not wish to go out. Why should I wish to do so?"

"Well, I didn't know but you might want to drop down to earth again for another farewell tour."

MUSIC

There was a bumper house at the concert given by Torrington's Orchestra on April 11. Not only was the programme attractive, but the management had evidently made unusual efforts to stamp this as one of the most successful concerts of the season, and these efforts have been generously rewarded. The central figure, of course, was the array of enthusiasts, who form the nucleus of what may yet become one of the greatest orchestras of the continent. It is not so very long ago, that New York city, which now boasts of two of the finest orchestras in the world, was without anything in the shape of a permanent orchestra as good as the one under present consideration, and when the old Philharmonic Orchestra was first organized in that city in 1842, its birth was heralded with more "pooh, pooh!" than money. Yet it has grown in numbers and in excellence, until today there are many, both Europeans and Americans, well qualified to judge, who say that it is not excelled by any band of its size in the world. Of course, its members were professional musicians largely, but there were in its early years many young members who won their spurs, so to speak, after joining it rather than before. So much so was this the case that this orchestra, now directed by Theodore Thomas, was the first by which he heard classical music performed.

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Is not this an answer to those who decry the youthful efforts of Mr. Torrington's orchestra? An orchestra composed altogether of professional musicians is an impossibility in Toronto, in the present state of mind of such performers, as they will make no sacrifices themselves—will not even attend the rehearsals they contract for, and want the earth and the fulness thereof. To secure such men the permanent work of a season would necessitate a subsidy such as is paid to a choice little band in Buffalo, something like $13,000, a matter which is also—not impossible—but very unlikely in Toronto. Though we hear the Torrington orchestra only a few times in each season, and though its performances may not rival those of Thomas, Seidl or Gericke, it is still a factor which should receive every encouragement, as it opens up a field of music—so rich and so full of the most endless variety of what has become the original model of all that is great and good in music, and so full of the stupendous modern conceptions—a field so inexhaustible that the performances of a generation could not display all its beauties.

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But the danger to its progress and improvement lies neither in the lack of substantial support or in the anticipation of that lack, nor in the contemptuous remarks of those who belittle its efforts. It is rather internal than external. It lies more in the lack of responsibility shown by some of its members, and in the reception and assimilation of inordinate praise. As to the first, rehearsals have been held at which twelve or fifteen only of its sixty members have been present. When an evening has been spent in hammering their work into something like tolerable shape, the next rehearsal bring another batch to be hammered, and the same entry process has to be gone through again. This is human nature, it is true, but it does not necessarily produce good music, and as long as there are players in the orchestra who think that the mere naked ability to play the notes (alas! how few there are with even this attribute!) is sufficient for musicians of their talents, so long will the performances suffer. As to the question of praise, it is a delicate one. If such orchestral performances are measured by an abstract standard, honest analysis would discourage the band, and would be an injustice to it. On the other hand, if their work is valued at a standard primarily based upon the capabilities of the performers, and further softened by the feeling that these concerts are a good and an educator, even far beyond their intrinsic merit, then the pleasure felt by all music-lovers (including even the much-abused critics) is apt to be alloyed by the complacency of the performers, who think that the phrases that would describe a Thomas performance mean no less when applied to them. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"—so is eternal effort and striving for individual improvement the price of artistic progress. That this striving may be initiated and enthusiastically persevered in, we all hope and wish.

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The performance then was a very satisfactory one, all things considered, and one that reflected great credit on Mr. Torrington's tireless energy. I was much struck with the precision shown by the orchestra in the Beethoven Concerto, very well played, by the way, by Mr. Harry Field, whose technique was fully equal to this trying test. His reading was dainty and poetic rather than broad, but was refined in sentiment, and not without flights of fancy in phrasing, to which Mr. Torrington yielded as well as the rather inelastic body under his control would allow. The measure of this freedom was decidedly creditable to both leader and band. The Maritana overture was exceedingly well played, and the Tannhæuser Festmarsch very properly delighted the audience. I question if there is any single number in the repertoire of the orchestra that affords Mr. Torrington as much enjoyment as does this *morceau*, and his revelling in its beauties is imparted to the band, and the whole piece goes with a dash and spirit that is contagious to all within its influence. The fine Beautiful Rhine waltz would have been the better for a little more shading, especially as the melody of the Lorelei was rather overshadowed by the other parts. Mr. Forsyth's Romanza possesses many beauties. It is scored for a band richer in wind resources than this orchestra, but considering its difficulty, and the fact that it was conducted by a comparative stranger to the members, it was exceedingly well rendered. The accompaniments to Mrs. Agnes Thomson's numbers were beautifully played, and the lady herself was never heard to better advantage. Her singing of the Casta Diva was a gem of distinct vocalization and accurate delivery. Her voice and method were fully adequate to all the demands made upon them by this difficult number, and her singing of The Old Folks at Home touched many a heart. Mr Schuch gave a stirring rendition of Norman's Tower, but did not sing the Evening Star from Tannhæuser at all well. Messrs. Clark and Corell contributed solos in their best style. Master George Fox must not be left out of consideration, for his violin solos were fully equal to the retention of the high opinion all his previous hearers had formed of him. To sum up—the soloists helped to make a success of the concert in which the orchestra demonstrated that its resources only need encouragement and work to make it one of the principal musical factors in the Province.

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The Henschels gave another of their inimitable recitals at the College of Music on Saturday evening, and again demonstrated to our singers how much they have yet to learn—what a depth of artistic refinement and expressive elegance there is in song—as song may be sung. The prophecy that the next visit of these great artists will draw a crowded house is now, I fear, a mere truism.

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At a Service of Song held at the Church of the Redeemer on Friday last, besides the usual good singing of the choir, especially fine work was done by Mrs. Clara E. Shilton in the solo in Mendelssohn's Hear My Prayer, and by Miss Maud Burdette of Belleville in Handel's How Long Wilt Thou Forget Me.

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The third quarterly concert at the Conservatory for this season took place on Saturday evening at Association Hall, and was crowded. A long programme was most creditably carried out by the pupils of the institution. The string quartette—Messrs. Boucher, Napolitano, D'Auria, and Dinelli—played the allegro moderata from the Haydn quartette, op. 64, and already displays admirable ensembles, and promises well for its future.

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The usual number of sacred concerts which are arranged for Passion Week has taken place, and they will be noticed in due course next Saturday. Next Wednesday the fine choir of the Church of the Ascension resumes its Services of Praise, which have been intermitted during Lent. On Monday, 29th, the Conservatory String Quartette makes its formal public debut, and will play the Quartette, op. 12, by Mendelssohn, a Serenade, op. 15, by Moszkowski, a Menuet by Pessard, and the Quartette, op. 76, by Haydn. The Choral Society will give another concert before the close of the season, at which Signor D'Auria's cantata, The Sea King's Bride, libretto by Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, will be produced.

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The Toronto Vocal Society has engaged Mr. Harry M. Field, pianist; Mrs. Wilson Osman, soprano, and Mr. Adolph Hartdegen, violoncello, for its soloists at the concert on May 7.

METRONOME.

Joe Murphy does not change much in these latter days. But though he is as familiar to Toronto people as the bas-relief of Shakespeare which looks down benignly on the audience at the Grand, those who went to see him years ago go to see him again and laugh as heartily as ever at the jokes whose coming they know is as sure as Sunday. This argues a high degree of excellence in the actor and few men have been able to hold the fickle public's favor as long as the genial Irish comedian playing at the Grand Opera House this week. An Irishman's heart always warms towards anything which reminds him of "the ould sod," even if it be only a pig or a potato, and he has always a shilling to spare to see his country and fellow-countrymen represented—often very badly represented—on the stage. Perhaps this partially accounts for Joe Murphy's lasting popularity. It has certainly made him one of the wealthiest stars on the road to-day.

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Mr. Murphy is generally supported by a strong company and this year, with possibly one or two exceptions, his people give an excellent performance. Mr. T. C. Hamilton's Valentine Hay is very clever. Miss Belle Melville as Nora Drew and Miss Josie Stoffer as Alice Doyle are both of them pretty and take their parts in a very creditable manner. Last year when Mr. Murphy was here I threw out a suggestion that the performance would not suffer if those young women who come on in the third act dressed in knee breeches and jockey caps and blouses were dispensed with. I see they are still to the fore and still wondering what they are there for. But as this has become such a feature of the drama of the present day I have no more objections to make and shall not be surprised if the Roman soldiers whom Mr. Thomas Keene, the tragedian, will show us next week in Julius Cæsar, prove to be Amazons, wear pink tights and do a fancy march to martial music.

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On Monday evening next Mr. O. B. Sheppard, the popular manager of the Grand Opera House, takes his benefit. The play will be Lord Lytton's powerful drama, Richelieu, and the star Mr. Thomas W. Keene, a tragedian well and favorably known in Toronto. Perhaps there never was a season during which so many dramatic stars, famous in both the old world and the new, were seen in this city. Week following week with very few exceptions throughout the whole season the stage of the Grand Opera House has been occupied by the best actors and actresses on the American stage. Mr. Sheppard was also instrumental in bringing to Toronto Madame Albani and the greatest of French comedians, M. Coquelin, who, however poorly he was appreciated here, presented a piece of finished acting which those who saw and understood will never forget. The public of Toronto has shown that it can thoroughly appreciate good dramatic exhibitions and it should come out in full force on Monday night, not only to swell the box office receipts, but also to give the stamp of its approval to the enterprise which has brought to Toronto during the past winter many of the brightest stars in the theatrical firmament. Mr. Sheppard's friends are many, and they should see that on Monday he has an overflowing house.

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The Old Oaken Bucket has been drawing fairly well at the Toronto Opera House this week. It is essentially a dog show. Some one has said to a writer of plays, "Here are so many dogs trained to do certain things. String a number of events together so as to admit the introduction of these dogs as frequently as possible," and it seems as if The Old Oaken Bucket was constructed in this way. This show is pretty well supplied with all the modern sensations. It has one of those fire scenes which have become popular of late, and several bits of realistic scenery assist the dogs in keeping up a respectable amount of interest. But everything is made subservient to the dogs. Even the human performers seem to be kept down in order to bring the St. Bernards out in bold relief. The most vivid imagination cannot metamorphose any of the people in Grey & Stephen's company into actors or actresses. The performance of the dogs, however, was uproariously applauded, and they were brought before the curtain to respond to the homage properly accorded them as the principal performers.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

A Western dramatic critic, writing to the profession, remarks, with charming *naïveté*: "If you people would only play more to the folks who pay their money to see you, and less to us deadheads there would be more fun all 'round."

When Marquise shall have ceased to shock Parisians a new comedy called Mensonger, by MM. Bourget, Lacour and Decourcelle, will attempt to wipe the stain from the stage of the Vaudeville Theater. Marquise is said to be the naughtiest play produced in Paris for many years.

Charles Arnold, a clever German comedian, who has been successful in London and the principal English provincial cities during the past two years in a musical comedy-drama entitled Hans the Boatman, has been secured by Simmonds & Brown for a tour through this country during the coming season.

The New York *Mirror* says: "Col. Charles Shaw, late associate manager with Mr. Jacobs in the Toronto Opera House, has sold out his interest to Mr. Sparrow of Montreal. It is said that Col. Shaw is interesting some capitalists in a project to build a theater in Toronto for first-class attractions only." We hadn't heard of it.

A new Canadian circuit is in contemplation. Arrangements are now about being completed whereby companies desiring to play east of Bangor can go to Frederickton, St. John and Moncton, N.B., and Truro, Halifax and Yarmouth, N.S. From the latter place, which has a new opera house, steamers can be taken direct to Boston. The above order can be reversed, the companies going to Yarmouth, and after completing the circuit leaving Frederickton for Upper Canada or Maine.

An American paper says: "If ever an actress received the cold shoulder and a snub, it was Mrs. Potter in Washington last week. Though the attendance at her performances was large the applause was extremely meagre. Society turned out in full force early in the engagement to witness her Cleopatra, and society was grievously disappointed. Socially, Mrs. Potter received no consideration whatever, and was not invited to any of the teas, receptions or afternoon card parties. Last year she was wined and dined rather extensively by General Joe Wheeler of Alabama, and even the General was not on hand this time. Of course her love-making to Kyrle Bellew created comment at the clubs for a time, but finally her audiences were composed chiefly of office clerks and diplomatic secretaries whose taste for the beautiful found gratification in the extremities of Cleopatra's fair feminine attendants, and Mrs. Potter's name ceased even to be whispered.

An exchange tells of a would-be actor who applied to Mr. Palmer for a position. Mr. Palmer, in his quiet way, said:

"What claim have you to being an actor, and why do you adopt the stage as a profession?"

"Well," replied the W.-B. A., "you know, I must live."

"Not necessarily," replied Mr. Palmer.

This recalls another story of this long-suffering manager, who, by the way, is reported to have read seven thousand plays during the past seventeen years—all bad but four. A well-known theatrical agent called upon him in regard to an aspiring young Thespian who had been in one of the M. S. road companies.

"Does he know anything, Mr. Palmer?" asked the agent.

"Know anything!" repeated Mr. Palmer with tragic emphasis, and then, in a hoarse whisper, "My dear boy, he doesn't even suspect anything!"

In the most courteous and dignified manner, Mr. Henry E. Abbey announces that he will not manage Mrs. Potter next season. And, with this comes a bit of inside information that allies Mr. Kyrle Bellew with Mrs. Potter in a business connection next season. The new combination is to be known as the Bellew-Potter combination, Mr. Bellew and Mrs. Potter to be starred equally, and the enterprise to be a joint speculation. It is not exactly known what they have decided to play, although it is more than likely that Cleopatra, Camille, and one or two other of the blue wrapper plays will be made the *pieces de resistance*. The Bellew-Potter combination will probably fare badly. It has been all very well for Mrs. Potter to steer her way through the rocks of theatrical life under the able guidance and careful hand of Mr. Abbey and his associates; but she will find it rather difficult work, when she is left entirely to her own resources. If Mr. Abbey has been unable to make her a successful star, from a financial point of view, with all the experience and facilities at his command, under the guidance of so inexperienced a person as Mr. Kyrle Bellew, she is probably courting disaster.

On Dives' String

Easter Bells.

For Saturday Night.

Easter bells! Glad Easter bells!
Ring your "silver jubilee!"
Earth's redemption-chorus swells
In your manly threnody;
Breaks the light o'er lands afar—
Long in Error's sodden'd sway;
Rolls space the tones, which are
Heralds of Millenial day.

Peal with joy for Easter morn
Golden glory gilds the sky.
Once, the Son—of Mary born—
Born—for human weal to die—
In the Cross and Passion paid
All the penalties of sin;
For the full atonement made—
Rising,—brought the *Easter* in.

So, Sweet Bells, ring hope and peace
Unto all, who hear your chime;
Bid the restless surgings cease;
Quell the turbulence of Time;
Laud the Right, and leash the wrong;
Praise the Truth, and on your wings
Bear her Easter triumph-song,
Till the World its homage brings.

Easter Bells! Glad Easter Bells!!
Ring for Freedom's golden reign;
And the harmony which dwells
Where her peaceful laws obtain!
Peal for Christ, and crown Him King!
By His Grace our souls are free;
Then, your Silver tongues may sing
Easter Golden Jubilee.

The Elms, Toronto. L. A. MORRISON.

A Lenten Lyric.

For Saturday Night.

My lady-love, my lady-love,
The fairest maid in town.
I love her when she smiles on me,
I love her though she frown.
Indeed I cannot choose but love,
—So fair, sweet, true, is she,—
My only marvel is that one
Like her should stoop to me.

My lady-love, my lady-love,
What ever she does seems best;
I love her when she dances, rides;
I love her when at rest;
I love her when her laughter rings;
But in these Lenten days
I've found that, surely, best of all
I love her when she prays.

MAURICE O.

A Lost Friend.

For Saturday Night.

My friend he was; my friend from all the rest,
With childlike faith he oped to me his breast;
No door was locked on altar, grave, or grief;
No weakness veiled, hidden no disbelief.
The hope, the sorrow, and the wrong were bare,
And, ah, the shadows only showed the fair.

I gave him love for love, but deep within
I magnified each frailty into sin;
Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glowed,
Obscuring vales where rivered virtues flowed,
Reproof became reproach, till common grew
The captious word at every fault I knew.
He smiled upon the censorship, and bore
With patient love the touch that wounded sore;
Until at length, so bad my blindness grown,
He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

Alone, of all men, I who knew him best,
Refused the gold, to take the dross for test?
Cold strangers honored for the worth they saw;
His friend forgot the diamond in the flaw.

At last it came—the day he stood apart,
When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart;
When carping judgment and uncertain word
A stern resentment in his bosom stirred;
When in his face I read what I had been,
And with his vision saw what he had seen.

Too late! too late! Oh, could he then have known
When his love died that mine had perfect grown;
That when the veil was drawn, abused, chastised,
The censor stood, the lost one truly prized.

Too late we learn a man must hold his friend
Unjudged, accepted, faultless to the end.

The Neglectful Student.

For Saturday Night.

Books over books, in wild confusion,
Upon his table wide are hurled;
Don't suffer from a vain delusion,
'Tis the neglectful student of the world.

'Mid books he should have read before,
His time, now short, flies past.
With haste his work he glances o'er;
'Tis long—he must go fast.

Two weeks—and then in Convocation,
With head crammed full of facts,
He faces dread examination
To fall or stand as Fortune acts.

If Fortune favors and he gets
Such questions he may chance to know.
He rises higher on the steps
That lead him from the "fresh" below.

But if stern Justice overtake him,
And downy feathers from him fall,
The fleeing he receives should make him
A living warning to us all.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, April, 1889. SAWDUST.

Jacqueminots.

I may not speak in words dear, but let my words be flowers,
To tell their crimson secret in leaves of fragrant fire;
They plead for smiles and kisses as summer fields for showers,
And every purple veinlet thrills with exquisite desire.

O, let me see the glance, dear—the gleam of soft confession
You give my amorous roses for the tender hope they prove;
And press their heart-leaves back, love, to drink their deepest passion.
For their sweetest, wildest perfume is the whisper of my love.

My roses, tell her, pleading, all the fondness and the sighing,
All the longing of a heart that reaches thirsting for its bliss;
And tell her softly, roses, that my lips and eyes are lying
For the melting of her lovelock and the rapture of her kiss.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Lex Talionis.

For Saturday Night.

He offered me his heart and hand
Whereat I laughed and said him nay;
But found too late that when he want
He took my happiness away.

And so I wrote a little note;
"Dear Jack," it asked, with sweet design,
"In love isn't fair to change one's mind?"
Said he: "It is—and I've changed mine!"

Noted People.

Victoria Woodhull, now Mrs. Martin, "the once famous priestess of free love," is now in Paris. She has taken up her residence in the French capital, and is said to have spent two million francs on a house which is to be made an establishment for the gratuitous education of women.

It is now quite believed that the betrothal of two of the Prince of Wales' daughters will take place this season. Prince Charles of Sweden is to claim one Princess, and the other is to be given to the Hereditary Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, now on a visit to Marlborough House. Prince Hohenlohe is handsome, of prepossessing manners, and with a perfect knowledge of the English language. He is also blessed with sufficient of the "ready" not to be twitted on account of his poverty. He is certainly a most desirable *parti*.

The handsomest man in Washington is a young baron, a recent addition to the German Legation. This beautiful creature besides possessing a fortune of six million of marks in his own right, is perhaps the most perfect specimen of Saxon manhood ever seen on this side of the water. He is six feet four in height and superbly proportioned. His hair and mustache are golden, his eyes of a turquoise hue. His manners are irreproachable and he is not yet thirty years of years. When this magnificent young giant appears dressed in uniform, his breast glittering with orders, he causes a sensation. Even the men admire him, and his great wealth adds to his personal charm.

The late Sir Thomas Gladstone's habits were frugal and somewhat parsimonious, as the following tale will show. He had let the fishings on his northern estate, but while in the vicinity of Fasque, a few years ago, he took a fancy to a fine salmon trout which was exposed for sale. After some haggling Sir Thomas purchased the fish, and handed it to his servant to carry home. But James thought it beneath his dignity to carry a salmon by a twig passed through its gills, and seized an early opportunity of handling it over to a street porter, whom he was about to remunerate with a sixpence from his own pocket, when his master, observing the transaction, coolly remarked, "Give me the sixpence, James; I'll carry the fish home," and, taking the coin, he relieved the man of his burden.

Fate seems to pursue the royal heads of Europe. The heir to the throne of France was slaughtered by savages; the heir to the throne of Holland died a miserable death; the heir to the throne of Germany just lived to grasp the sceptre, and then succumb to an agonizing malady; the heir to the throne of Russia saw his father assassinated, and has himself been in constant terror of assassination ever since he ascended the throne; the heir to the throne of Austria died under circumstances of horror unequalled in the modern chronicles of kings; the King of Bavaria committed suicide, and dragged his companion with him to death; the King of Spain saw his young wife die under circumstances of the greatest suspicion, and having married again, was soon stricken down by an incurable disease, and passed away long ere his prime, leaving a baby in long clothes.

The consideration shown by both Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Folsom to servants is a constant subject of grateful remark among them. Neither lady ever gives an order. She asks to have her commission done. Nothing a servant ever does escape the reward of a smile and a thank you. At the hotel where Mrs Cleveland lives the servants are put to much work carrying cards and packages to her rooms, but never make complaint. It is related that, rather than summon the colored doorman to her when she wishes some extra commission executed, she sometimes saves him steps by going part way down the stairs to speak to him. On one occasion the doorman was almost dozing in his chair when a draught of air aroused him. He started up to find Mrs. Cleveland pushing the heavy door open softly. "Oh," she said, smiling at his apologies, "I am so sorry you waked. I saw you were asleep, and didn't want to spoil your nap just to let me in."

Lord Salisbury's four elder sons have all embarked on regular professions. Lord Cranborne is to be the statesman, Lord William Cecil is a clergyman, Lord Robert is a barrister and practices regularly at the bar, Lord Edward is in the Grenadiers, and Lord Hugh has still his career before him. By the bye, it may not be generally known that Lord William was inducted by his father into a comfortable living at the very time when the Marquis was engaged in carrying a Bill through Parliament, which was to prevent clergymen from taking livings until they had been a certain time in the church—which period Lord William had not yet completed. If, therefore, the Bill had become law before Lord William had gone through the formalities necessary to make him a vicar, it would have incapacitated him from becoming one for some time; but as it happened the one "Bill" was able to get quicker into his living than the other Bill could get through the House.

After it became known that the Prince of Wales would inspect the 10th Hussars at York, the troops were drilling and marching with a diligence that, although praiseworthy, was fatiguing, particularly for one of their officers, Prince Albert Victor. But, much as the young man likes to take life easily, he is too fully aware of the critical eyes with which his father will follow his movements as he puts his men through their manœuvres, not to be willing to take any amount of trouble to make all pass off satisfactorily. There is no chance of any fault of tenue escaping the uncommonly sharp eyes of the Prince of Wales; and, indulgent father though he be, he has contrived to impress upon the minds of his sons the fact that his approval is a thing well worth working for; his censure a thing to be avoided by the wise. His Royal Highness thoroughly understands *l'art d'être père*; perhaps it was his mother's total lack of *l'art d'être mere* that awoke him to the necessity of studying the question.

King Milan's dread of assassination was ludicrous in the extreme. He slept in a sort of armor-plated bedroom, the door of which he always locked himself. There was no chimney in the room, in case of bombs, a mastiff slept across the foot of his bed, and by his side there always lay a loaded revolver. It is also currently reported that the valiant King wore his coat of chain mail under his nightshirt. He certainly never moved abroad of late without it. He avoided made dishes, and lived largely on biscuits, tinned meats, and eggs boiled in their shells. His wine was always uncorked in his presence; but perhaps if Milan had been aware of the cunning devices of the Hindu drink-sellers of Calcutta, he would have shunned the bowl entirely. For the clever Hindu can extract the contents of a bottle of fine brandy and refill it with the most poisonous stuff, without breaking cork, capsule, or label, or leaving the slightest outward and visible sign of his work.

The Queen of Festivals.

As the nativity of our Lord affords to the family the most joyous anniversary of the year, when all its members, no matter how far distant from each other, seek to reunite about the paternal board, so does the anniversary of the Resurrection, coming as it does with the return of spring, attune our thoughts to worship and praise and gratitude for our redemption. What more fitting expression of these hallowed feelings can there be than that afforded by Music and her sister Song? So well is this known and so deeply is it felt, that in almost all denominations of the Christian religion, Easter is the season when the most elaborate musical services are rendered in the churches. In Toronto, with its hundred and fifty places of worship, and with its wealth of musical talent and musical interest, we are especially happy in the possession of a strong love for such services, and of a strong ambition to render them worthy of the great festival. Every year sees greater efforts to emphasize our joy, and every year sees greater beauty in the pæan of praise that arises to Him about whose throne the Cherubim and Seraphim cry Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.

The programmes of the musical services in our principal churches are given below, as well as the names of some of the best known "sweet singers of Israel," who are taking prominent part in the festivity. It will be seen that on all sides progress is being made in the character and worth of the music to be rendered, and its constant improvement from year to year forms no mean indication of the musical growth and development of Toronto.

ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL—*Morning*—Introit, See now the palms, Faure, arranged by Dudley Buck; Te Deum, Calkin, in B flat; Jubilate, Cobb, in G; Anthem, Awake thou that sleepest, Maker; Offertory, Let your light so shine, Monk. W. E. Haslam, choirmaster.

ST. PETER'S—*Morning*—Anthem, Awake thou that sleepest, Maker; Offertory sentences, Logiers. *Evening*—Anthem, Rejoice in the Lord, Elvey; Offertory, solo, Miss Jardine Thompson. W. E. Haslam, Choirmaster.

ST. SIMON'S CHURCH—*Matins*—Processional, 134, Ancient and Modern, Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Easter Anthem, Christ our passover, Anglican; Psalms 2, 57, 111, Anglican; Te Deum, Barnby, in E flat; Jubilate, Calkin, in B flat; Introit Hymn, 131, Ancient and Modern, Christ the Lord is risen to-day; Kyrie and Gloria, Dykes, in F; Nicene Creed, Stainer; Offertory Sentences, Rogers; Sursum Corda, Sanctus, Dykes, in F; Benedictus, Agnus Dei, Woodward, in E flat; Hymns 107 and 128, Ancient and Modern; Recessional, Nunc Dimittis, Anglican. *Evensong*—Processional, 134, Ancient and Modern, Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Psalms 113, 114, 115, Gregorian; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, Gregorian; Anthem, This is the day the Lord hath made, Cooke; Hymn 132, Ancient and Modern, The day of resurrection; Recessional, 140, Ancient and Modern, Jesus lives. J. W. F. Harrison, organist and choirmaster.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH—*Morning*—Te Deum, J. L. Hopkins; Anthem, God hath appointed a day, Tours. *Evening*—Festal Service in F, E. J. Hopkins; Anthem, As it began to dawn, George C. Martin. Percy V. Greenwood, organist and choirmaster.

CHURCH OF ASCENSION—*Morning*—Hymn 182, Christ the Lord is risen to-day; Christ our Passover, Russell, in G; Gloria, Davies, in C; Te Deum, Marsh, in C; Jubilate, Wood, in E; Anthem, They have taken away my Lord, Stainer; Hymn 187, Awake, glad soul, awake; Hymn 187, Hallelujah, hearts to heaven and voices raise; Offertory Sentences, Martin. *Evening*—Hymn 183, Jesus Christ is risen today; Gloria, Davies, in C; Cantate, Gilbert, in A; Deus, Gilbert, in A; Anthem, I know that my Redeemer liveth, Since by man, By man came also, For as in Adam, Even so in Christ, Worthy is the Lamb (Messiah), Handel; Hymn 273, I know that my Redeemer liveth; Offertory Sentences, Rogers; Hymn 186, The day of resurrection. Edgar R. Doward, organist and choirmaster.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER—*Morning*—Hymn 182, Christ the Lord is risen to-day; Easter Anthem, Humphrey; Gloria Patri, Aldrich; Te Deum, Hopkins, in G; Jubilate, Schuch; Hymn 180, The strife is o'er; Kyrie, Schubert; Gloria Tibi, Anglican; Hymn 185, Jesus lives; Offertory Anthem, Christ is risen, Thorne. *Evening*—Hymn 183, Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Gloria Patri, Aldrich; Magnificat, Dykes, in F; Nunc Dimittis, Dykes, in F; Anthem, Blessed be the God and Father, Wesley; Solos by Miss Annie Langstaff and Mr. E. W. Schuch; Hymn 186, The day of resurrection; Offertory; solo, I know that my Redeemer liveth (Messiah), Handel; Hymn 187, Hallelujah! hearts to heaven. G. H. Fairclough, organist; E. W. Schuch, choirmaster.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY—*Choral Matins*—Processional Hymn, 131; Easter Anthems, Chant; proper Psalms, Gregorian; Te Deum, Saffrey; Benedictus, Chant, Hymn 135; during offertory—Carol, The world itself keeps Easter day. *Communion Service*—J. B. Calkin, in D. Recessional Hymn, 140. *Evensong*—Processional Hymn, 134; proper Psalms, Gregorian; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, Chants; Hymns 125 and 127; Anthem during offertory, Christ our Passover, Hodges; Recessional Hymn, 137. Organist and choirmaster, A. R. Blackburn.

GRACE CHURCH—*Matins*—Voluntary, Hallelujah Chorus (Messiah); Hymn, Welcome happy morning; Service, Bridgewater, in A; Hymn, The strife is o'er; Offertory, Quartette in G minor (op. 27), Spohr; Hymn, Lord Jesus, we are one with Thee. *Evensong*—Voluntary, I know that my Redeemer liveth (Messiah); Hymn, Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Service, Clarke-Whitfield, in E; Anthem, Christ is risen from the dead, Elvey; Hymn, Again the Lord of life and glory; Offertory, Melody in G, Pecoil; Hymn, Alleluia, alleluia; Closing voluntary, Grand march in G. Mrs. York, organist; G. Y. Timms, choirmaster.

JARVIS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—*Evening*—Easter Service of Praise—Organ Prelude, Easter Offertoire, Guilmant; Chorus, The strife is o'er, Mendelssohn; Hymn, He dies! the friend of sinners dies; Chant; Anthem, Awake, thou that sleepest, Allen; Offertory; Hymn-Anthem, O for a shout of sacred joy, Vogt; Chorus, Rejoice in the Lord, Dr. Gaul; Hymn, Christ the Lord is risen to-day, tune Essex; Organ Postlude, Hallelujah, Handel; soloists, Mrs. Chestnut, Misses Muir and Morell, Misses Lugadin and Wood, Messrs. Lye and Young, and Messrs. Lugadin. A. S. Vogt, organist and choirmaster.

ELM STREET METHODIST CHURCH—*Morning*—Anthem, Why seek ye the living (S. P. Warren), Miss Bunton and choir; Anthem, They have taken away my Lord (Stainer); Solo, I know that my Redeemer liveth (Handel) Miss Bunton. *Evening*—Duet, Now while by their bitter sorrow, Mr. Gorrie and Mr. Blight; Trio, The Lord he is risen again, Mrs. Woodcock, Miss Grainger, and Miss Scott; Solo and Chorus, From thy love as a Father (Redemption Gounod), Miss Bunton and Choir; Solo, Resurrection (Shelley), Mr. Blight; Hallelujah Chorus (Handel). Mrs. H. M. Blight, organist; H. M. Blight, conductor.

ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL—Grand musical service at High Mass, 10.30 a.m. Haydn's Grand Mass No. 2, with chorus of 40 voices. Soloists—Soprano, Mrs. Jos. O'Hara, Mrs. Tilly Vale, Mrs. J. D. Warde, Miss P. Sheehan, Miss Lizzie Fletcher, Mrs. Mary Hager; Contralto, Miss Anastasia Murphy, Mrs. Phelan, Miss Reese; Tenor, Mr. J. D. Ward, W. J. MacNamara; Basso, Mr. Caron, Frank Anglin, Michael Stack J. Crowley, Mr. Keith. At the Offertory will be rendered Regina Cœli, Lambillotte, Duett and Chorus. *Evening*—Trio, O Salutaris Hostia, Mercadante; Soprano, Mrs. O'Hara; Tenor, Mr. J. D. Warde; Baritone, Mr. Frank Anglin; also Grand Tantum Ergo. J. H. Lemaitre, organist.

ST. BASIL'S CHURCH—High Mass 10.30 a.m., Kalliwood's Grand Mass in D. The orchestra will be led by Messrs. Bailey and Boucher. Soloists—Soprano, Miss Bolster and Miss Ormsby; contralto, Mrs. Gough; tenor, Mr. J. F. Kirk; bass, Mr. H. T. Kelly. The offertory piece will be Hæc Dies, by G. H. Nixon; bass solo, Mr. Kelly, and chorus accompanied by orchestra. At the evening service, 7.30 o'clock, Generali's Grand Musical Vespers; Benediction, Regina Cœli, Lambillotte; O Salutaris (quartette), Sir M. Costa; Tantum Ergo, Beale, soprano solo and chorus. Rev. P. Chalandard, director.

ST. PAUL'S (Roman Catholic)—High Mass at 11 a.m., Mozart's Twelfth Mass; soloists, Misses Curran and Carroll and Messrs. Tonney and McGuire; O Deus in the Lord (Elijah), Mendelssohn, Mrs. Petley; O Salutaris, Mr. Petley; Tantum Ergo, Millard, Mr. Durham.

UNITARIAN CHURCH—*Morning*—Union service of congregation and Sunday school, composed of responsive readings, glorias, chants, hymns, Easter carols, anthems and musical responses.

QUEEN STREET METHODIST CHURCH—*Morning*—Hymn, 172, The rising God forsakes the tomb; Anthem, Why seek ye the living among the dead, Clare; Hymn, 173, Sons of God, triumphant rise; Solo, But thou didst not leave his soul in hell (Handel), Miss Howard; Hymn, 170, Hail thou once despised Jesus. *Evening*—Hymn, 171, Ye humble souls that seek the Lord; Anthem, Recitative and Air, On the first day of the week (Lott), Mr. Robert Spice; Chorus, He is not here for He is risen; Hymn, 174, Hallelujah; solo, I know that my Redeemer liveth (Handel), Mrs. Baxter; Hymn, 176, God is gone up on high. James B. Baxter, conductor.

TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH—*Morning*—Anthem, The Lord is king, Pittman. *Afternoon*—Easter service by the Sunday school. *Evening*—Anthem, Praise ye the Father, Gounod. Solos by Mrs. Caldwell. W. J. McNally, choirmaster.

BOND STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—*Morning*—Voluntary, Hallelujah Chorus, Handel; Anthem, Christ being raised, Elvey; Anthem, Now on the first day, Label; Solo, Christ is risen (Lloyd), Mrs. Murray Dickson; appropriate hymns; Voluntary, Sing unto God, Handel. J. G. Lawson, choirmaster and conductor.

METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH—*Morning*—Anthem, I will mention Thy loving kindnesses (Sullivan), solo Mr. Dent. *Evening*—Anthem, Break forth in joy, Barnby; Chorus, Unfold ye portals, Redemption, Gounod. F. H. Torrington, director.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES—*Morning*—Mozart's first mass in C. Soloists, Miss McGrath, Miss Croft, soprani; Miss Scott, contralto; Messrs. Lee and O'Connor, tenors, and Messrs. Horetzski and Gendron, bass. Obernier's orchestra will assist. *Evening*—Vespers and benediction, by the full choir; Gounod's Ave Verum; a selection from Mors et Vitæ, with viola obligato, by Mr. Obernier; and Gounod's Ave Maria, by Mrs. McGann, with violin obligato, also by Mr. Obernier. Mr. L. J. Richardson, director.

'Varsity Chat.

The programme for the Modern Language Club next year is already being mapped out. Mr. Stuart's notice calls for essays on each of the following subjects: Lake Poets, Dickens, Tennyson, Canadian Authors, each subject to be treated by three essayists and from three standpoints. Attention will also be paid to the early English drama as represented by Marlowe, Jonson, and Massinger, to modern masters of style, Lamb and Pater, and the Southern school of fiction, to which the Harpers devoted considerable space in May, 1887. Mr. Bonner asks for a number of essays on German authors.

A petition is now on the janitor's table which has received many signatures and awaits more. In a preamble of several clauses the necessity for increased athletic accommodation is set forth, and the senate is besought to have the field in the rear of the building levelled so as to be ready for use next fall. It is to be hoped that this petition will not meet with the usual fate of such documents.

We have received an invitation for a representative to Queen's College Conversazione on April 23. We appreciate the compliment, but no representative can possibly be sent so late in the term.

Cricket practice goes on beside baseball, but the latter has a decided preference—owing to the tour, of course. It will be a good year for ambitious tail-enders who wish to secure a place on the team and have their photographs taken.

Lectures come to an end this week. Some have already ceased while others are being crowded on at the last moment. But the last will be delivered and we shall retire to our shades and bury ourselves in books, to reappear on Thursday, May 1, at the registrar's call and receive our pseudonyms and go down through the dark valley.

At this stage everybody regrets his own laziness. A day in April is worth a week in November. Some will continue to regret all summer, others will heave a sigh of relief about June 15, and in their joy forget all about the good resolutions now being hourly made. Experience ought to teach us sense, but somehow or other it does not. The human nature in us is the same as that in men who are fooled and fooled again on the stock market and who never learn.

NEMO.

John Bright's Home.

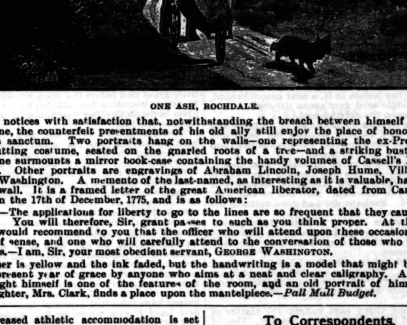
Perhaps the first impression produced by a view of Mr. Bright's residence, One Ash, Rochdale, is that it is in harmony with the veteran tribune's own character. Mr. Bright, when at home, ensconced himself in no scene of sylvan beauty, where the warbling of birds and the rippling of brooks may soothe the senses and lull to languorous ease. His home is a plain, solid, unpretending building of red brick. The grounds in which it is contained are not extensive, and as to the *entourage*, he would be a remarkably imaginative person who could see any beauty in that.

GREENBANK, NEAR ROCHDALE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN BRIGHT.

Mr. Bright, however, when as a young man he married and entered upon his career, built One Ash to please himself. It has been his home ever since. He loved it. For him its bleak position on the confines of a desolate Lancashire moor had no terrors. Within its gates he was in touch alike with the famous mills across the road, in which he employed over 1,000 hands, and with the people of ugly, smoky, irregular, but thriving Rochdale, the thousand and one tall chimneys of which form the not very enchanting prospect that is presented when one's eye, looking out of the front windows, passes the limits of the garden and is directed to the region beyond. Mr. Bright, whose life's work has been for the people, had chosen to dwell amongst them.

A sufficient idea of the exterior of One Ash may be obtained from the illustration. It faces the south. Immediately in front is a graveled terrace, from which a grassy slope descends to the lawn, and fringing the lawn are shrubberies. The entrance to the house is at the eastern end, near to the porch being the famous tree—the one ash—which gives verisimilitude to the name that has been chosen for the residence. How came the name to be selected? Thereby hangs a tale. Some of the ancestors of Mr. Bright lived in Derbyshire, at Mony—or, as it was alternatively called, Many—Ash. The story is that when Mr. Bright built his present house he saw an opportunity for making humorous capital out of the existence of a solitary tree of the species, and by way of antithesis to the appellation of the home of his ancestors christened his new residence One Ash.

The dwelling is admirably planned. The door opens upon a corridor that runs the whole length of the center of the ground floor, and off which on each side branch the living rooms. Let us proceed at once to the study, for, though Mr. Bright has lately preferred to write in the drawing-room, here it was that in the busy period of his life all his great efforts were meditated and prepared for. It is just the room for the purpose. Placed at the extremity of the corridor, on the right hand, its window is cut in the western flank of the house, and the outlook is precisely what one may take to be best conducive to mental effort. A little grass plot in the foreground, a giant rhododendron bush—the only shrub, you learn, that really thrives in Rochdale smoke—shutting in all beyond and around. It is a delightfully peaceful little prospect, one to insensibly soothe the eye, and by screening off all distracting sight or sound to materially aid the process of concentration. It is not a large room—no study, perhaps, ought to be so—but to the visitor it is full of interest.



ONE ASH, ROCHDALE.

One notices with satisfaction that, notwithstanding the breach between himself and Mr. Gladstone, the counterfeit presentments of his old ally still enjoy the place of honor in Mr. Bright's sanctum. Two portraits hang on the walls—one representing the ex-Premier in wood-cutting costume, seated on the gnarled roots of a tree—and a striking bust of Mr. Gladstone surmounts a mirror book-case containing the handy volumes of Cassell's National Library. Other portraits are engravings of Abraham Lincoln, Joseph Hume, Villiers and George Washington. A memento of the last-named, as interesting as it is valuable, hangs also on the wall. It is a framed letter of the great American liberator, dated from Cambridge, U. S., on the 17th of December, 1775, and is as follows:

SIR,—The applications for liberty to go to the lines are so frequent that they cause much trouble. You will therefore, Sir, grant passes to such as you think proper. At the same time I would recommend to you that the officer who will attend upon these occasions be an officer of sense, and one who will carefully attend to the conversation of those who meet on the lines.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The paper is yellow and the ink faded, but the handwriting is a model that might be copied in the present year of grace by anyone who aims at a neat and clear calligraphy. A bust of Mr. Bright himself is one of the features of the room, and an old portrait of himself and his daughter, Mrs. Clark, finds a place upon the mantelpiece.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

O. W. R.—The estimated population of Buffalo is 240,000, Detroit 200 000, Toronto 170,000.

INQUIRER.—I know of no place in Canada where the tickets you ask for can be purchased.

LOL.—The art of making sugar from sap of maple trees was first discovered in 1752 in New England.

J. P., Winnipeg.—The Farmin' Editor's Sketches has never been published in book form, but will make its appearance this summer.

C. A. Y.—It is not considered necessary to acknowledge the receipt of a birthday card, nor to respond to a letter or card of condolence. A widow retains her own Christian name.

AN INQUIRER, Toronto.—The generally accepted meaning of the word Mizpah is, The Lord watch between thee and me. The Bible Dictionary gives the word as meaning watchtower.

SUBSCRIBER, Deerhurst.—You should apply to the fence viewers to come and settle your dispute. The rails which are on A's land can be claimed by him, but if you are wise you will keep out of a land fence lawsuit. You are aggravating an unprofitable strife.

A SUBSCRIBER, Guelph.—Your writing is not extra good, but your education appears to be sufficient for a member of the police force. Your size and age are up to the standard of the Toronto force. There would be a very slight chance of your getting an appointment unless you lived in Toronto and had good references, as the applications for positions are very numerous.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER, Barrie.—Publishers sometimes pay for short stories, but they have to be excellent before a writer is in very good luck if he gets the first stories printed at all. 2. Manuscripts should be written on one side of the paper only and sent with a wrapper round them in a newspaper or in a large unsealed envelope. 3. Your penmanship is fair. With practice it would be quite a ladylike hand.

ADDIE H.—It is almost always best to follow the judgment of one's parents, though it is very unreasonable for your parents to be prejudiced against a young man on account of a "meanness" of one of his relatives. As you have promised to marry him keep your promise but delay a little while, and no doubt the young man will be able to convince your relatives that he is worthy of you. 2. Your writing is fairly good, but school-girlish. I should judge that your character is not matured; that you are of rather an uncertain disposition inclined to be cautious and good-tempered; but your spelling in several instances could be improved. I cannot answer your third question, as the slip of paper has gone astray.

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER I.

The Farm garden was all ablaze with midsummer flowers. On either side of the narrow gravel path they crowded one upon the other in sweet wild confusion—pink and crimson double-poppies nodding, their heavy heads, gentle breezes, tufts of white pinks, golden marigolds and deep-blue lupins, feather sprays of "old man," with its strange pungent odor, deep-eyed purple pansies and old-fashioned cabbage-roses; and behind them all a hedge of sweetbriar, with tall spikes of mauve-colored hollyhocks and grey broad-leaf mullenweins in a row, with here and there a stately lily standing up pure and white and virginal, like some dainty lady lifting her delicate head above the crowd of humbler village beauties around her.

The bees were having a good time of it in Maylield Farm garden this morning. Such buzzing and humming there was in the air—such a whirring of wings—such a hurrying to and fro between the flower-borders and the deep straw thatched hives on the southern wall—the wall upon which Kathleen sat and watched them with quietly-absorbed eyes!

There was not a fairer flower in all the old Farm garden than Kathleen herself. She sat very still upon the wall, her white sun-bonnet, that cast soft shadows on her rose-tinted face, tilted a little bit forward over her eyes, her arms straightened out behind her, the small fingers, browned by the sun, but fine and delicacy in shape, clenching the rough bricks near the moss against which they rested, her lithe young figure, in its simple cotton gown, inclining backwards so that every gracious outline was shown off in all its natural grace, whilst not all the disfigurement of coarse-woven cotton stockings and homely village made shoes could conceal the perfectly-made little feet and the slender ankles that peeped forth one above the other beneath the hem of her dress. Could this graceful child, with her rare beauty and natural air of distinction, be really and truly the daughter of old Farmer Dobson and of Jean, his honest, hard-working wife?

Nobody in Mayfield had ever asked themselves the question—save perhaps Mr. Engelfield, the clergyman, or Doctor Greeve as he passed her by on his rounds, mounted up on his high dog-cart. The rest of the village world rubbed itself very little about the girl. She was, they thought, "just an idle, feckless little thing," spoilt and petted, and brought up to do nothing by her over-indulgent parents.

Kathleen was quite happy in her own way. The flowers were her children, tended and watered by her own hands; the bees were her daily companions; the little dog that sat watching her with quivering tail, the kitten that rubbed his soft fluffy back against her foot, were her friends. She was quite happy; she was fond of her father and mother with a vague unquestioning fondness. Nobody was unkind to her, no one ever spoke cross words to her. She had hardly shed a single tear in all her short life. She was perhaps a little selfish; but then she had not a care in the world, so how could she be otherwise!

And yet, at this very hour, as she sat in the sunshine watching the bees as they buried themselves murmuring in the golden hearts of the scented flowers, trouble and change were already on their way towards her; the last note of her innocent child-life had struck, and new things were about to befall her.

Mrs. Dobson was behind the house in the chicken yard tending her young broods, little fluffy creatures that hurried forward at her approach to devour the contents of the tin bowl poured out on the ground for their benefit; the good woman, who was broad-faced and rough, quite unlike the delicate dream-child in the flower-garden, had turned up the skirt of her dress over her head to protect it from the sun, and was duly engrossed with her occupation.

She had a keen eye for all her feathered charges, flung a stinging scrap of meat to the delicate chick in the background, separated two angry belligerents with her iron spoon, chased the elders away the strong from the stronger and weaker fledglings, and was altogether quite in her element, when suddenly, looking up at the distant sound of approaching wheels, she perceived over the farm wall a smart mail-phaeton approaching the house rapidly down the hill.

Mrs. Dobson stood upright and shaded her eyes with her hand from the level rays of the afternoon sun. There was something of disquietude in her attitude. The carriage drew nearer and nearer. There were two handsome stepping bay horses in it, a neat groom behind, and a middle-aged gentleman dressed in deep mourning on the driving-seat.

With a sudden exclamation of surprise and dismay, Mrs. Dobson dropped her hand and her bowl of chicken-meal simultaneously, and hurried back into the house.

Everybody was in the hay-field—men, maids, and master—on this fine summer day—everybody but herself and Kathleen. Where was Kathleen, by-the-way? Safe out of the way, she hoped. Perhaps she had gone down to the hay-field too.

Mrs. Dobson turned into the best parlor, smoothed her rumpled locks at the glass, and held her hand for a moment over her fast-beating heart.

"I could not be mistaken!" she murmured nervously. "It's years and years, but I know him anywhere! Just the same cold hard face, only a little grayer and older. What can he want?"

Then her sharp ears caught the clatter of hobnailed boots in the back passage. One of the farm boys had come to the house on some trifling errand.

"Run, run, Jim!" cried the mistress to him. "Put down that beer can, and run as fast as ever you can back to the field! Tell Mr. Dobson to come home at once; he is wanted very particular, tell him, up at the house."

Jim sped off with shambling but rapid steps, and Mrs. Dobson breathed more freely.

"I could not face his lordship alone!" she muttered to herself as the phaeton and its smart pair of horses came dashing up to the front door.

Mayfield Farm was a solid red brick and gabled old house, with twisted chimneys and deep overhanging eaves. The little gravel sweep in front was as neat as the approach to a gentleman's house; and the roses and clematis clambering all round the lattice windows rendered the place picturesque and thoroughly homelike in appearance. There was a look of comfort and well-to-do-ness about it which the gentleman noted with approving eyes as he drove up to the door.

"It wasn't such a bad home for the girl after all," he said to himself, whilst the groom was ringing the bell.

The porch door stood wide open, and, as the bell rang, the farmer's wife herself, curtseying shyly, stood in the open doorway.

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Dobson within?"

"I am Mrs. Dobson, my lord."

He looked at her sharply.

"Ah, yes, to be sure! I remember you. I want to speak to you, Mrs. Dobson—to you and to your good husband.

Lord Elwyn followed Mrs. Dobson into the best parlor, still called at Mayfield by that old-fashioned name. His eyes, as he entered, took in the old prints upon the faded walls, the blue-and-white china upon the mantel-shelf, the great bowl of pot pourri on the table, the little collection of English poets and standard novels in the bookcase against the wall. There was nothing pretentious about Mrs. Dobson's best parlor. It was all very simple, but it was all good of its kind; and there were an open rosewood cottage piano with some music upon it and some fresh flowers in vases about the room, that gave yet further evidence of feminine refinement in the little parlor. Lord Elwyn had assuredly paid no attention to all these details the last time he had been in this very room seventeen years before.

"You will wonder what has brought me to Mayfield, Mrs. Dobson," said the great man to the farmer's wife.

Mrs. Dobson did wonder very much indeed, and wished from the bottom of her heart that her good husband had come home to dinner from the hay-field. If she had had the strength of mind to make any rejoinder to her visitor's remark, she would have said, "No good, I'll be bound!"—but, as that word scarcely have been a civil remark, she only curtseyed again, and, casting down her eyes, awaited the issues of fate.

"I have had a great sorrow this year," said Lord Elwyn gravely. "I have lost my only son."

The good woman's eyes sought his sympathetically.

"Dear me, my lord, I am very sorry to hear it!" she said feelingly.

"I will not dwell on it," he added a little hurriedly. "I mentioned it only to arrive more easily at what I have to say. My boy was ill from fifteen—he died of consumption, abroad. Perhaps you know that I have no other child—by my present wife, I mean" he added hastily, at which a curious look of surprise in the woman's eyes. "In these circumstances Lady Elwyn and myself have determined, if it is in my power, lawfully to acknowledge Kathleen and to have her to live with us."

"Oh, Lord Elwyn, you would not surely take her from us!"

"Have I not the right?" he asked coldly.

"After all these years—and she knows nothing of us! Why, she thinks I'—and poor Mrs. Dobson burst into tears.

There was a heavy step upon the threshold, and the farmer entered the room. He looked in amazement from the tall figure of the well-dressed man, standing up stiffly and erectly with his back to the fireplace, to the crouching form of his sobbing wife.

"Lord Elwyn has come to take our darling away!" cried the poor woman, amid her tears.

Lord Elwyn made a gesture of impatience.

"Surely there is nothing to make a grievance about! I confided my little girl as an infant to your care; I have kept her thus up to your own—to conceal her parentage from her. My foolish early marriage was, as you know, a thing I did not care to acknowledge. Her poor mother died, and I left the child with you—all the whole business would have been wiped out. Now it suits me to own her and to take her back. There is nothing to make a fuss about. I have changed my mind concerning her—that is all. I have paid you well—you will not be the loser in any way. I will make it as well worth your while to give her up as it has been to keep her."

He spoke with angry irritation; having made up his mind to cancel the work of years, he did not care to be thwarted at the outset; he made no allowance for sentiment—sentiment indeed entered very seldom into Lord Elwyn's calculations—he chose to consider the whole transaction solely and entirely from a business point of view.

"You have been well paid," he said again angrily—"what have you to complain of?"

"It's not the money, my lord," said Dobson slowly, speaking for the first time—"we don't complain about that—you've always paid us fair. What the missus and I will take to heart sorely is the losing of our little girl."

It annoyed Lord Elwyn to hear him speak of his daughter with this familiar fondness. All these years he had given his child up to these worthy people, holding them to be as their own name and be unto her as a father and mother; and yet now, because the whim had come to him to take back his own child, he must to find how thoroughly the good people had carried out his instructions.

"Tut, tut!" he cried, turning his hand impatiently. "I am in my right—it suits me to acknowledge her."

The farmer, who was a man of few words, bent his head in assent, while Mrs. Dobson became dissolved anew in tears.

"Let me see her at once!" said Lord Elwyn peremptorily; and Mrs. Dobson slipped away to find and prepare the child who had grown as dear to her as though she had been her own.

Scarcely however had the door closed upon her when from the garden there came the sound of a bright singing voice, and across the little grass-plot before the open window Kathleen came bounding forward, her kitten perched upon her shoulder, her dog jumping up at her hand as she ran.

"Daddy, daddy," cried the girl, "are you back already? I was just going for my rake and coming down to the meadow to help! Why, it is nearly tea-time—and not a stroke of work has your idle Kathie done all day!"

Suddenly she stood still, as through the open French window she caught sight of the stranger within the room. As for Lord Elwyn, he was struck speechless. Such a vision of loveliness as was this charming maiden he had certainly been wholly unprepared to see.

Coming along he had been filled with not unnatural apprehensions concerning the child he had not seen for seventeen years. She would be rough and uncouth, no doubt, awkward in manner, ungainly in appearance—how could he expect her to be otherwise? She might well indeed be lacking in personal beauty, for the first Lady Elwyn, whom he had secretly married out of a village inn in his college days, had been beautiful as a poet's dream; but her child's beauty, if she had any, would surely be of that wild untutored type which might be very charming in a farm-yard, but would scarcely be in its proper place in a Belgravian drawing-room!

"She will have to be licked into shape in a boarding-school!" he had said to himself. But, when he saw her, all his terrors were put to flight in a moment. She was beautiful with all and more than all her dead mother's beauty; she was graceful with a grace which, not all the homeliness of her garments could conceal; and there was, in the sweet face, the stamp of high breeding, the broad white brow and upon the small well-shaped head and oval face which her father recognized at once—recognized with a glow of pride as the hall-mark of his own family.

"Come in, my dear," said Dobson to the hesitating girl. She came in shyly through the open window. "The gentleman—Lord Elwyn—has come to see you."

"To see me, daddy?" she echoed wonderingly.

It was a curious little scene that followed. Kathleen went forward and held out her small hand tim dly to the stranger.

"How do you do?" she said simply.

Lord Elwyn grasped her hand and drew her towards him.

"Tell me, Dobson," he said to the farmer.

And Dobson told her. Somewhat lamely and brokenly he related the story—the story of long ago when, in his young days, he had taken home to the girl was such a marvellous revelation of things undreamt of—the story of a rich man's son who fell in love with a humbly-born girl, and married her unknown to his father, keeping the marriage a secret till the young wife had died in giving birth to her first child; and then how he, still fearing the anger of an autocratic father, had determined to provide as best he could for the child and never to acknowledge it, and how he had gone away and forgotten her; and how, when time had passed on, he had married a second time in his own rank of life and had had another child, a son and heir, so that the daughter of his youth was left still farther away in the cold distance of the forgotten past. And now the heir was dead, and Lord Elwyn had remembered his other child—and that child was no other than Kathleen herself!

Young as she was, ignorant of life, unversed in the traditions and ways of the world, it all became clear to her at last—the strange story of her own birth, of her mother's early death, and of her father's obliviousness of herself. She grew red and white by turns as she listened with trembling hands and eyes wide and opened wide from emotion which wandered quickly from her foster-father sitting by the table to the stern proud father standing with his back to the fireplace.

"And now, my dear," said the farmer, as he concluded this little recital—"now my lord has come to claim you, and you will go away to be a great lady, and have advantages which we never could have given you here—education and accomplishments and grand society. You must begin to learn that you are no farmer's daughter, but a lady born. It's a fine thing that is going to happen to you, Kathleen—a very fine thing; and you must be very grateful to his lordship, and also not forget to thank Heaven, my dear, when you say your prayers to-night, for giving you back your own dear father—for, as we have all been told, blood is thicker than water, and there's nothing like one's own flesh and blood after all!"

But Kathleen answered never a word—she only looked with wild, frightened eyes from one to the other, and the color fled from her startled face, and her breath came short and quick.

With a curious sense of intense interest, Lord Elwyn watched her. What was she going to do or to say? How was she going to take this revelation that had been made to her? What would be her first exclamation? It was much for the brain of the village-bred child, or was the emotion of finding a father too great for her tender heart? He held out his hands to her and smiled at her kindly. But Kathleen drew back and clenched her little fingers tightly together behind her back.

"I will not come with you! You are no father to me—you never owned my mother, and you have forgotten me all these years! I will stay with my father! I know he loves me, and will not be your child or go to you!" Then, suddenly casting her arms round the farmer's neck, she buried her face upon his shoulder, crying aloud, with a great sob, "Oh, daddy, dear daddy, I will never, never leave you! I don't want any fine people or places—I only want to stay with you and mammy to the end of my life!"

Lord Elwyn never quite forgot the horrible shock which her words gave him, the sense of shame with which her disavowal of his claims covered him. It was as though the sins of his youth rose up once again from the tomb and revived in his path through the months of his child. And yet he liked her all the better for her resistance. The girl had a character and a spirit of her own. How much finer she! He admired her for it; he recognized himself in her anger and her scorn.

It was with positive humility and deference that he spoke to her, urging her to reconsider her determination.

"I will not press you now," he said to her, when he had used every argument he could think of to change her mood. "I will leave you for a week to think it over, so that you may get accustomed to the idea; then I will send for you. I would be sorry to take you away with undue haste from this house where you have been happy, and from these kind friends who have been so good to you. In a week's time you will think better of it."

She only shook her head as it lay upon her foster-father's broad chest, and cowered closer down into his sheltering arms.

So Lord Elwyn went away, and Kathleen was left mistress of the situation.

CHAPTER II.

Not for long, though. When seventeen and ignorance and weakness sets itself in opposition to forty-five and knowledge and strength it stands to reason that the one must very soon give in to the wall, whilst the other must eventually triumph.

A week later a very sad and forlorn-looking Kathleen stood standing by the gate leading out into the five-acre meadow in the little lane along which the cows sauntered home every evening at milking time. Very sad and forlorn Kathleen—pale and heavy-eyed, as though tears had held her sleepless for many nights—and there was a droop at the corners of her pretty mouth and a tremor on her rosy lips.

"And you are really and truly going to-morrow, Kathleen, after all your promises!" said her companion, with a groan.

"How was I to help it, Tom? They say he has a right by law to make me—and they couldn't take me up at home if they said I must go. How was I to stand out alone?"

The man leaning across the gate groaned again. He was a large-made rough-looking man dressed in a brown velveteen suit. Behind tangled dark hair and eyes that glowed and burned with a strange and intense light. His features were strongly hewn and heavy cast and there was a tendency to coarseness in the lines of the heavy mouth and jaw. It was not exactly a bad face, but it was a face which suggested the possibility of violent passions and unreasoning animalism. At the same time there was something reassuring in the intensity of the eyes and something that was almost noble in the breadth of the brows and head. One felt instinctively about Tom Darley that he was one of those people who, in ordinary life and in happy circumstances, might be capable of much goodness, and yet who, on the other hand, if tossed and buffeted by fate, and possibly develop dormant forces that would tend to unlimited evil.

For the rest, Tom Darley was no ne'er-do-well. He was the tenant of a small farm two miles away from Mayfield, and had been all his life a hard-working and industrious man—a bit of a sportsman too, for he bred young horses, and kept a pack of harriers, and was seldom known to fail to put in an appearance at the covert-side on a winter morning, mounted on his gray cob, on which he went as straight and rode as well as any of the hunting gentry about. People thought highly of Tom in Mayfield, and many a careful father would have asked no better fate for his girl than to see her the wife of the stalwart young farmer.

Ever since May last year honest Tom's heart had been fixed upon the maiden at Mayfield Farm. In accordance with the customs of rural districts, Kathleen had accepted him as her "young man." He walked with her on Sunday afternoons; he brought her cuttings for her garden, and helped her to prune and tend her rose-trees; he had set her terrier's leg when he had been run over by the butcher's cart; and he never failed to present her with some simple offering when he came into Mayfield the town on market-days. Kathleen liked the homage and the attention, and she liked the man too in a gentle, sisterly sort of way; but she had never even entered into her thoughts, nor had such a climax as marriage been ever mentioned between them.

But, as to Tom Darley, he loved her with all his heart and soul. Hitherto, knowing how young and gentle and innocent she was, he had never dared to breathe a word of his passion to her, believing that time and constant association would drawn her gradually to him. Moreover, he was still a struggling man, and scarcely in a position to marry yet. There was no house on the land which he farmed, and Tom lodged in a cottage belonging to one of his own laborers. He knew that he would have to work very hard for some years more before so well-to-do a man as Farmer Dobson would give him his only child—and such a tenderly-nurtured child as was dainty little Kathleen. Still he had been quite content to wait, and had been happy enough with the privileges he had won from his lady-love; and all the good elements in him had flourished and thriven in the companionship of the girl he loved.

Then like a thunder-clap out of heaven came the awful news upon poor Tom—Kathleen was not Farmer Dobson's child at all, but the only daughter and heiress of the rich and great Lord Elwyn, whose country place lay twenty miles away, just over the border of the adjoining county, and who was as far above Tom Darley's reach as though he had been a veritable king. And Kathleen—this little Kathie no longer—was to go away to her new kingdom, to be a princess amongst the great ones of the earth, and the dream of his life was shattered!

During that sad last week he had met her many times and pleaded with her often, and Kathleen had wept and trembled and had scared eyes Tom beheld the reflection of his own madness. In an instant he had chased away the evil spirit and was himself once more.

"Do not look so frightened, darling—for, of course, there will be no one!" he said, trying to take her hand, and laughing uneasily.

"Tom, that was very wicked of you to say that!" she answered a little breathlessly; and she kept her hands well out of his reach. "I do hope you will never talk about killing people again—it is terrible! And what would Mr. Engelfield say!"

"Human nature was made before parsons!" he answered carelessly, shrugging his shoulders; and Kathleen shivered a little.

That look upon Tom Darley's face, transient as it was, had been a revelation to her. She had never known before that any one could look so malignantly wicked. "I shall dream about it!" she thought shudderingly.

When they got to the porch door, she turned round and forced herself to give him her hand. When she looked at him, he was the good Tom Darley again who had always been so kind and affectionate to her. It was difficult to believe that that other glimpse of a terrible hidden nature had been caused by himself.

"Dear Kathleen, you will be true to me, will you not? You will not forget me?" he said gently.

"Oh, Tom, I suppose so, of course!" she replied, with a little impatience. It seemed so selfish of him to urge his own claims upon her so much when, after all, it was for her "daddy" and his loving old wife for whom her heart was chiefly torn and riven. "No one else is likely to want to marry me when I am twenty-one, I suppose!" she added, half laughing at what seemed to her to be a ridiculous idea

The dark cloud crossed his face again.

"But, if any one does—then you will remember what I have sworn to do!"

"Oh, Tom, you are horrible!" she cried, putting her fingers into her ears with a half-laugh which was almost hysterical she ran away from him into the house.

That was not the last that Kathleen saw of Tom Darley.

The next morning Lord Elwyn's brougham stood at the door of Mayfield Farm to convey her to Clortell Towers. No one came with it—only the two servants and a note from Lord Elwyn to his daughter expressing his regret that an attack of gout prevented his fetching her himself and his hope that she was by this time convinced that it was her duty to accede to his wishes concerning her.

Kathleen's modest luggage was hoisted on to the top. The old people strained her to their hearts and kissed and blessed her and bade God be with her. The servants crowded the little hall, weeping and holding out their hands to her; the farm laborers had gathered on the drive to give her a parting cheer; and many a friendly face from cottage and village shop was there to see the last of the little girl who had grown up in their midst and who was being carried away into the great world to be made a grand lady of.

Poor little great lady! Half fainting, they lifted her into the brougham and shut to the door upon herself and her grandeur. Then she sprang forward and leaned out of the window, with the blinding tears streaming down her cheeks, to wave a farewell to the dear faces she was leaving behind forever; and, when the carriage rolled out of the gate and turned upon herself and her grandeur, the fluttering handkerchief was the last that they saw of her as she was borne away rapidly along the road.

But, when the horses slackened speed at the steep hill-side half a mile beyond the village, a man who had been waiting patiently sitting in the hedgerow for the last hour sprang forward and walked quickly along by the side of the carriage.

"You will not forget, Kathleen, that you are bound to marry me?" he said in a low tone.

"Oh, Tom, why do you bother me about that now when I am so unhappy!" answered Kathleen through her tears.

"Because the thought of my love will make you happier, dear."

"Will it?" said Kathleen dubiously—she had really never looked at it in that light yet.

"Remember all you have sworn!" said Tom solemnly.

"I do not think I swore at all!" murmured Kathleen; but in the rumbling of the wheels Tom did not hear her.

The coachman and footman were looking at him askance. The top of the hill was almost reached; the whip touched up the near horse—there was a forward jerk of the carriage. Tom was running now. He thrust his head in at the window.

"Good-bye, Tom!" she said kindly.

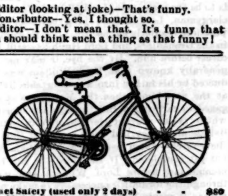
"It is no joke, Kathleen, remember I would kill him!" he hissed, and the girl sank back terrified into the corner of the carriage.

(To be Continued.)

Editor (looking at joke)—That's funny.

Contributor—Yes, I thought so.

Editor—I don't mean that. It's funny that you should think such a thing as that funny!



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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

As for him—well, she was a pretty, fresh little thing; she adored him, and it was pleasant to be adored; she had amused him a good deal at first, and lately bored him rather more—until, in fact, he heartily wished that he had let her alone.

"You know there would be an awful row, dear," he went on coaxingly, putting his hand upon her shoulder—"and what good would that do? Why, it would end, most likely, in her ladyship's sending you off, and even I should be in her black-books; whereas now things are comfortable enough."

She twitched away her shoulder angrily.

"Comfortable!" she echoed, in a stifled voice, clenching her hands, and still stubbornly keeping her face turned from him. "Yes—for you perhaps; but not for me. It is very uncomfortable for me to sit and wait for you up here after never even seeing you for six months, while you forget all about me and flirt with Lady Adela."

"Flirt!" echoed Duke. His astonished tone and stare really did credit to his histrionic powers. "With Lady Adela? My dear child, what next will you get into your head?"

"You have," the girl declared passionately—"you know you have! Just this afternoon I have been waiting here for you. I said I had a headache—I got rid of Angel on purpose; and, after all my waiting, I saw you come in with her just a quarter of an hour ago. You had been with her all the afternoon!"

The passion of agitation which shook her was so great that she could hardly pant out the words; but it lent such animation to her usually somewhat insipid prettiness that he stared at her with a passing spasm of genuine admiration. Another man would probably have lost his temper—and for a moment he did think of leaving her until she was "more reasonable;" but he looked at her and relented. After all, she was awfully fond of him, poor little thing, and his heart was not entirely hardened or his conscience impervious to prickings. It was, besides, easier to him naturally to coax than to scold.

"And I got away from her as soon as I could and came straight up to you, didn't I," he said, with invincible good temper. "And, as for being with her all the afternoon, you know that's a lib. I had a most abominably exhaustive talk with my mother firs. And, as for flirting—even supposing I wanted to flirt—how do you think I could do that with that young l p Angel looking on?"

"You need not have gone out with her," muttered the girl jealously, but a little more softly.

She wanted to be convinced—she longed to be convinced; and, despite herself, she raised her eyes to his, the blue, laughing, half-mischievous eyes whose look always vanquished her. He saw his advantage and put his arm lightly about her waist.

"Why, I must do that now and then, I suppose. She is our guest, you know, and it won't do to neglect her entirely, particularly in such a confoundedly dull old barrack as this. But you mustn't turn jealous whenever I look at her, you silly little goose! Why should you, when you know that I would far rather look at a much prettier face?"

"You don't mean that, I know," muttered the girl with a little toss of the head and half pouting; but it was so sweet to hear him corroborate what her own excessive vanity had already told her that she began to smile.

He gave a sigh of relief, seeing that his peace was nearly made—at any rate, for the time being.

"Don't I? But I do! So come, Amy, give me a kiss, like a good girl, and let us have a few minutes peace before I have to go off, you little firebrand!"

He tightened his arm about her, and, bending his head, lightly pressed a kiss upon her flushed round cheek. As he did so she caught his hand and pressed it to her own lips passionately.

"Oh, Duke," she cried, in a piteous voice, "you must be kinder to me—you must not make me jealous, dear! I can't bear it! Oh, I wish I could make you feel for one moment as I felt when I saw you come in with Lady Adela and knew that you had been with her all that time that I was waiting for you! You must not neglect me for her. I am so fond of you—you know I am so fond of you—that, if you do, I think it will kill me or drive me mad."

"No, no, dear—of course I won't—of course not!" Duke murmured soothingly, inwardly wondering, with a good deal of secret uneasiness, now on earth he was to keep the peace and pursue his projected courtship if this kind of thing were to go on. And then he added a good many more asseverations, which cause his tongue glibly enough, and purchased present peace at any rate.

At the end of a quarter of an hour or so the first dressing-bell rang out below, and the sweeping of Lady Oldcastle's skirts and her high clear imperious voice were heard in the gallery as she went to her room. Duke had just parted from his pretty companion with a hasty kiss, and an equally hasty promise—which he had not the least intention of keeping—that he would manage somehow to see her again in the evening, and was just turning away from the window, when a step which they both recognized came firmly down the passage leading from the gallery, and Sir Guy with his hands behind him, as they usually were when he walked by himself, indoors or out, came sauntering on the landing.

CHAPTER X.

Guilt cannot always look like innocence. The surprised pair upon the landing certainly did not look innocent as Sir Guy suddenly made his appearance. Miss Stone uttered a sharp little cry of consternation—Lady Oldcastle herself would hardly have astonished and dismayed her more—and stood a picture of trembling, frightened confusion. Duke raised his elder brother's involuntary expression of surprise with a look defiant enough, but he did not feel easy, and was uncomfortably conscious that he did not look as guilty as he might, if he traveled from one face to the other, and then he addressed the governess in a cool matter-of-course way.

"I want your promising pupil a moment, Miss Stone. Is she here?"

"Angel? No, Sir Guy," faltered the girl. "I have not seen her since she came in from the park. She must be in the nursery, I think. Shall I find her?"

"No, thanks. It does not matter—don't trouble yourself." He drew one of his hands from behind him and held out a little snake's-head silver bangle. "This belongs to the young lady, doesn't it?"

"I—I think so—yes," the governess stammered. "She had it on her arm when she went out. Lady Adela gave it to her."

"And she dropped it off her arm as she came in, I suppose," said Sir Guy equably. "I found it just now beyond the side-door. As I thought she was probably up here, making your life happy according to custom, I brought it up to give it to her, as I rather fear, perhaps you will take charge of it, and warn her to be more careful of her finery next time."

"Yes, yes; thank you, Sir Guy. I will give it to her when she comes to her supper," said the girl, faltering, flushed, and fluttering.

She took the bangle, opened one of the three doors—that of the school-room—passed through hastily, and shut it upon herself.

Guy stood looking at his brother. Duke laughed and shrugged his shoulders, but he did not do it easily. The situation was, he thought "confoundedly awkward."

"Well," he said.

"I don't know that it is well," retorted Sir Guy bluntly. "Look here, Duke—what's this? Are you trying to make a fool of the girl?"

"A fool of her!" echoed the other. "What do you mean by that?"

"Because, if you are," pursued Sir Guy, taking no notice of the interruption, "I tell you plainly that it won't do. No nonsense of that kind shall go on in this house while I'm master of it. Let the girl alone; you don't mean to marry her, so leave her to herself. Remember, if this isn't the beginning of it—and I don't fancy it is—let it be the last. I won't have it."

He spoke in a half-contemptuous, half astonishing tone, such as he might have adopted to some mere wayward boy. To the man so little his junior it was unspeakably galling. Hitherto in their disputes, which had been many, the gay good humor of the younger brother had contrasted favorably with the acerbity of the elder. But Duke lost his temper now. The resentment with which his training had taught him from childhood to regard his elder brother because he was the elder had received an impetus of a new kind during his talk with his mother in the library. Sharp little Angel and her malicious speeches had given a finishing touch to it. For the first time since he had learnt to contrast his brother's ungraceful figure and swarthy face with his own beauty of form and feature, he felt at a personal disadvantage with him. But Duke, in losing his temper, lost it in a characteristic way.

"How the hermit pr aches!" he cried sneringly. "By Jove, you'd do credit to Exeter Hall—I'm hanged if you wouldn't! Give me a sermon on morality, old fellow! Upon my life I wish I did; and there's plenty of time before dinner! You won't? All right; don't forget that I gave you an opportunity to convert me. So you won't have it—eh?"

"No," returned the other sternly, "I won't; and the sooner you understand that the better."

"Oh, all right! No harm done that I know of." In spite of himself, the curt, contemptuous tone was making him angrier. He laughed suddenly and significantly. "By Jove, I forget, though! Perhaps I'm poaching on your manor! It was not exactly all you came for, to get back that precious little vixen's bauble, I suppose?"

"Bah!" Sir Guy exclaimed, impatiently. "Don't make a fool of yourself, Duke, or flatter yourself that you can make one of me by talking stuff of that sort. I tell you again that, if you have any notion in your head of making a fool of that girl, you had better get rid of it, and that without loss of time. I have no influence over you when you are out of this house, and I don't desire to have any; but, while you are in it, I'll take good care that I have enough to prevent anything of that kind."

"Or I can take myself out of it, I suppose?" Duke struck in, still banteringly.

"Or I'll take good care," said the other, with a straight look, "that you do take yourself out of it."

He meant it. Duke knew it, and knew that he must go no farther—knew, in fact, that he must draw back. If Oldcastle Towers should just then be shut to him, his chance of winning Adela Nugent and her fortune would be imperilled, if not hopelessly lost. He gave a half-disconcerted laugh.

"What an inflammable fellow you are, Guy! You might know I meant nothing, I should think. Why, man alive, haven't you been the most confirmed old anchorite that ever lived out of a cave, since the college days when you could have cut me out, I verily believe, if you had only taken the trouble? I'd exonerate you without trial from the charge of kissing the prettiest girl in creation even if she gave you a chance. Don't suppose you ever did such a thing, or ever will, for that matter." He paused, conscious of the mockery which had crept into his voice with the last words, and understanding, as well as if he had seen it, the sharp quiver of his brother's lips under the thick moustache. "Of course I meant nothing—only a joke," he went on easily. "And, as for that little girl in there"—indicating the school-room door—"there is nothing in it—I give you my word. I've talked to her now and then, I know—she's a pretty little thing—but that's all. I was saying a word or two to her just now; but I hadn't been there ten minutes. There was no mortal reason why she should have looked as thunderstruck as she did; she thinks you such a gruff and grim old martinet, I suppose. Twenty to one she would have fainted dead away if I had chanced to be her ladyship! Upon my word, old fellow, there's no more in it than that."

Guy swung around to leave the landing.

"I hope not," he said briefly. "There is no reason why you should lie about it that I know of. Only just remember, please, that I'm in earnest in what I say. I don't set up for a moralist, or for anything else, for that matter, but I won't countenance anything of that sort. That's all we need say."

It was all they did say, for he went off without waiting for a reply.

Duke waited a moment, glancing towards the schoolroom door, which remained closely shut, and then slowly followed his brother. He was smiling to himself.

"It told," he thought. "I fancy you got about as good a rap over, Sir Guy. Yes, he's badly hit—no doubt about that. Didn't think he had it in him."

The evening was not a very lively one. Lady Oldcastle, although far less silent and gloomy than she had been in previous days, was absent and constrained enough, in spite of the obvious delight which the presence and attentions of her younger son gave her.

Duke himself seemed to be in excellent spirits—as indeed he mostly did—and showed himself—as he also mostly did—to be the pleasantest of pleasing and pleasant companions. He had an easy, bright, graphic way of relating the simplest incident or telling the most commonplace story which was charming in itself, and which, backed by his handsome face and winning manner, was almost irresistible.

Adela, looking her prettiest in the daintiest of white and blue, was amused and interested in spite of herself. Certainly no such persistent efforts to entertain and please her had been made since she came to Oldcastle Towers. It would have been, the girl seemed to feel, downright ungrateful not to yield herself to the charm and be amused and interested. She did yield, and was very charming on her own part; and Lady Oldcastle, looking on eagerly, furtively, jealously, was almost satisfied. As for Sir Guy, he did not appear at all after dinner.

Nine o'clock came, and with it the letters from Wildcross. Four were brought into the drawing-room—two for Lady Oldcastle, one for Lady Adela, one for Duke.

This last Duke, with a word of apology, tore open and read, rising from his chair close by Adela's and moving over to the shaded lamp standing upon his mother's little work-table to do so. Its contents made him frown. He put it into his pocket and glanced up at her.

"I must answer this, mother, if you'll excuse me for another hour; it is rather important. If I hurry, the fellow can take it back with him; I need only scribble a line or two. Have you pen and pattern to go?"

"No; mine are all written and in the post-bag," Lady Oldcastle returned, smiling as she never smiled at anyone else. "Have you any to go, Adela, my dear?"

"I, Lady Oldcastle? Oh, no, thanks! I think it is fully a week since I wrote any," answered the girl, looking round with a slight start. She rose as Duke left the room, and approached the shaded lamp in her turn.

"I will read my letter if I may," she said. "It is from my uncle Plumptre."

"By all means, my dear," returned the elder lady graciously.

Adela hat f knelt upon a low cushioned lounge, and tore open her letter, a letter which, with its thick blue envelope, its out-of date blotched red seal and plain handwriting, smacked of business and plebianism in its every dot and scratch.

Lady Oldcastle looked at the pretty figure in the white gown, with the rounded creamy throat and half-bared arms, and smiled to herself with satisfaction. No, the girl was no beauty, but she was certainly pretty, and there was no denying the charm which her youth and health and good spirits gave her. Even with half of seventy-thousand pounds Duke might do worse—much worse.

Adela glanced up from her letter as she finished it, and met the large, brilliant, cold blue eyes fixed upon her kindly.

"There is no bad news, I hope, my dear?" her ladyship asked cheerfully.

"There is no news, either good or bad," returned the girl, smiling. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Lady Oldcastle! My uncle desires me to give you his best respects and compliments, and means to remember her kind regards."

"Thank you, my dear. Pray especially remember me to both when you write." Still speaking with unwonted graciousness, Lady Oldcastle inwardly scornfully wondered at Jonathan Plumptre's audacity in presuming to send her even so perfunctory and formal a message as this. "I have never yet met your uncle," she resumed, with a smile; "but I hope it is a pleasure that I may have before long. I hope, my dear, he does not speak of taking you away from us."

"Oh, no!" returned the girl quickly. "He does not mention that."

"That is well. He favors you so seldom that I feared that might be his reason for writing. I am glad it is not, for I hope you are not quite tired of us yet, dull as you must find the Towers."

"Oh, but I have not found it dull!" cried Adela impulsively—and the elder lady noted keen eyes saw the pretty vivid flush. "I have been very happy here indeed. I am sure I do not want to go away while you can still contrive to care to have me. I would far rather be here than either in town or at ?ogburke. It—it sounds like a libel to me to call the Towers dull."

"You will not find it so in the future, at any rate, my dear," Lady Oldcastle responded indulgently, "for Duke is an excellent companion. You are very good not to be tired of us. I hope we may keep you for a long time yet. Are you going out? Are you sure you will not take cold without a wrap? Perhaps not, as the night is so warm."

Her ladyship had slowly risen—all her stately movements were deliberate and slow—and now she crossed to the girl standing by the open window and kissed her cheek. Adela perforce returned the kiss, and ran out, in a way that was far from slow, stately, and deliberate, into the scented summer starlight. She did not seem to appreciate her hostess' affectionate graciousness, for she murmured, with a grimace—

"Tiresome old thing!"

She went softly along the broad gravel walk, feeling that her cheeks were very hot and that her heart was throbbing very quickly, and decided that she must cool the one and quiet the other before she ventured into the lighted drawing-room again. Presently she turned into a sharp corner which brought her close to the gate of the little court-yard outside Sir Guy's workshop, where she had stood and watched Hilster write his copy on the night when she came to Oldcastle Towers—a fate which seemed an age since already—and found that she had almost tumbled into the arms of Sir Guy himself—Sir Guy with a shining oilskin coat over his arm and in high fisherman's boots and wearing an oilskin cap, which he took off immediately he recognized her.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Adela. My clumsiness has not hurt you, I hope? I did not expect to see you here."

"Of course not; but it is so close and hot indoors." She had recovered from the slight shock of the collision, and laughed. "It was my fault, I think. No, I am not hurt or frightened either this time. The last time I saw you it was that magent costume I was quite scared. Don't you remember?"

"I remember," he returned shortly, looking at her, as it seemed, reluctantly, as she gaily looked at him. It was not quite dark, and he could see her plainly. She looked fairy-like against the background of dense green, in her white dress trimmed with delicate lace. She looked at him, smiling, panting a little, her hands locked before her.

"Where have you been all this evening?" she asked him deliberately.

"Busy." He glanced slightly towards the window to indicate where. "Why?"

"Why, I wondered," she said, with a little gentle reproach. "You have never been away all the evening before. It is dreadfully rude of you; I'm quite shocked." She stopped, and looked contemplatively with her head on one side. "You look so funny in those things," she said irrelevantly. "I wanted to tell you so the other time, but I didn't know you well enough—did I? Now you may tell me I am dreadfully rude if you like."

"Not this time." He glanced from his own figure to hers in a contrast to it—and smiled grimly. "If I thought I could manage it successfully, I would pay you a compliment instead. As I'm tolerably certain I should make a bungle of it, I'm afraid I must ask you to consider it paid."

"You might try," suggested Adela, raising her brows. "I dare say it only wants a little practice. It seems to come easily to lots of quite stupid people." She drew back a little and altered her tone. "You are going fishing, aren't you? Right across the bay?"

"I think so—it depends upon the weather; if it keeps fine and the luck is good, we shall not be back before morning—most likely."

"How jolly!" cried the girl, clasping her hands eagerly. "Oh, dear"—with a deep sigh—"how horrid it is to be a girl! How I wish I could be a stupid girl sometimes! I wish I were coming too! What a pity I haven't some oilskins and boots! John Probus would never lend them, if I twisted up my hair and swaggered. Don't you think you could smuggle me on board if I had? It would be worth a whole month of propriety and petticoats to be out the whole of one of these glorious nights! Won't you take me, please?"

"I might not bring you back if I did," he said, and said it in such a fierce repressed tone of bitterness and passion that for a moment—only a moment—she was startled.

"Oh, that wouldn't matter, would it?" she returned, with airy demureness. "It would be rather nice, I think. We could go away to the end of the world, and forget everything and everybody. I don't think I should want to come back, there would not be much to come back for. I think you must take me."

She raised her eyes and was a little frightened by the look she met—a little more frightened by the swift involuntary movement towards her which he made. It scared away her smiles and blushes; she turned very pale, and stepped back with her leaping pulses almost in her throat, childishly putting both her hands behind her.

"I must go in now," she said, and gave him a little nod that was quite cool and easy, she decided anxiously. "Lady Oldcastle said I should catch cold out here, and so I shall." She gave him her hand for a second, and laughed, although she was almost afraid to do that. "Good-night, Sir Guy; I hope that you will have a good sail, and that you will blow the 'blues' away. Don't go quite to the end of the world—wait till you can take me with you—and don't get drowned, please!"

(To be Continued.)

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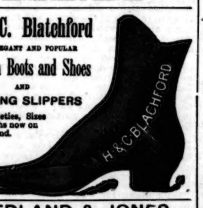

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Cabby.—Hansom, sir!
Uncle Silas (from Wayback).—Wa-al, ye-es; if ye let me get in front of drive. I don't like the looks o' that little hind seat, up thar!—*Puck.*

Sea Costumes.

Already has the exodus to Europe begun; and, departing for a moment from the wide range of "dressy" costumes, let us touch briefly upon the narrower one of traveling suits. The wise woman provides herself with two voyaging dresses, unostentatiously elaborate, which she wears the day the steamer sails, and in which she waves adieu to her friends, and then stores carefully away in the depths of her steamer trunk, to be drawn forth again the day land is sighted; the other a steamer dress, proper. This should be fashioned of dark blue or some small-checked cloth, trimmed with stitching and braid, and sufficiently easy in every way to allow the wearer to recline comfortably—always in expectation of the dread *mal de mer*—in a steamer chair. Then, there is the indispensable ulster, or the Connemara cloak finds here a legitimate use; with a close cap of cloth, together with such useful accessories as a loose flannel wrapper, for comfort in the state room, heavy worsted slippers, lap-rug and cushions.

C. P. R. Pacific Coast Excursions.

The next of Callaway's specially-conducted excursions, for Vancouver, Victoria and all points in Oregon, Washington Territory and California leaves Toronto at 11 p.m., on 26th inst., and will run through to destination, without change in the celebrated tourist sleepers.

A large and select party left the Union Station on Friday, April 12, under the care of Mr. E. R. Dransfield, one and all of whom expressed themselves as being well pleased with the arrangements made for their comfort and convenience on the journey.

Intending passengers should make early application for tickets, berths, etc., so that the necessary accommodation may be reserved.

A notice of a visit to the dressmaking parlors of the Misses E. & H. Johnston, on their opening day was unavoidably crowded out last week. The tasteful display made by this enterprising firm attracted a great many ladies of wealth and fashion.

Possessed of an intuitive knowledge and extreme good taste in regard to gentlemen's wearing apparel, Mr. Henry A. Taylor has drawn about his establishment thousands of the best dressed men of the land and his reputation has become national. A large number of the bankers, politicians, professional men, manufacturers and merchants, not only of Toronto, but all parts of the Dominion, depend almost entirely upon the judgment and taste of this artist in this special department of trade for the clothes they wear. One of the best dressed men in our city once remarked, "This man Taylor is a most remarkable person. It is a fact, in building garments he can make a short man look taller, a tall man shorter, a thin man thicker, and a thick man thinner. You may not believe this, but it is true. Taylor's clothes are always faultless as to style and fit, and a man who wears a Taylor suit always feels well dressed." Mr. Taylor is aided by the fact that he always carries an endless variety of cloths of every description and design, his knowledge does not come from books alone, although he is a close reader. He gets his ideas in a large measure from observation. Each year he visits the principal cities in the United States where he observes the clothes worn by the best dressed men of the nation and foreign countries as well. These ideas he formulates to the advantage of his own trade as occasion requires. Mr. Taylor possesses a rare combination of artistic skill and ingenuity in building a garment and his clothes are the perfection of style, ease, grace and comfort. He invites his friends and the public generally to give him a call this season, when he insures entire satisfaction. Remember the West End Tailor, 119 King street west, Toronto.

A Beautiful Easter Gift.

Eight beautiful studies of birds and flowers, put up in portfolio, worth at least $2, for 30c., post free. Address Frederick J. Prior, Toronto, Ont.

That well known establishment, 49 King street west, lately occupied by Messrs. F. Qua & Co., has changed hands, and with its change of ownership has been refitted and refurnished with a large and specially selected stock of toys, games and fancy goods. It is now known by the appropriate name of the Palace Novelty Emporium.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BURWASH—On April 12, at Arnprior, Mrs. Burwash—a daughter.
KING—On April 8, at Toronto, Mrs. Edmund E. King—a daughter.
MARTIN—On April 13, at Kincardine, Mrs. R. Martin of Toronto—a daughter.
OWEN—On April 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Alfred B. Owen—a daughter.
MILLS—On April 14, at Toronto, Mrs. G. G. Mills—a daughter.
WRONG—On April 14, at Toronto, Mrs. G. M. Wrong—a son.
WARREN—On April 11, at Toronto, Mrs. H. D. Warren—a daughter.
FLYNN—On April 11, at Toronto, Mrs. Daniel Flynn—a daughter.
COULSON—On April 9, at New York, Mrs. W. J. Coulson—a son.
ROBERTSON—On April 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Alex. J. Robertson—a daughter.
MANNING—On April 6, at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Mrs. James Manning—a daughter.
CROMAR—On April 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Cromar—a daughter.
HALDIMAND—On April 10, at Toronto, Mrs. W. L. Haldimand—a son.
SLOAN—On April 16, at Toronto, Mrs. J. Sloan—a daughter.
COLWELL—On April 16, at Toronto, Mrs. A. H. Colwell—a son.
LESTER—On April 17, at Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Lester—a daughter.
REDDICK—On April 15, at Port Hope, Mrs. D. Reddick—a daughter.

Marriages.

FAIRBAIRN—MILLS—On April 11, at Toronto, William Henry Fairbairn of Toronto, to Edith Helen Mills of Peterborough.
SPARKS—WILLMOT—On April 10, at Barrie, Walter Sparks to Ada D. A. Willmott.
WALLACE—McCLUER—On April 10, at Scarboro Junction, Alex. Wallace, to Maggie McCluer.
MORSE—ROBINSON—On April 16, at Toronto, Wm. Morse to Maud M. Robinson.
MACLEAN—RING—On April 16, at Ottawa, James H. Maclean of Toronto, to Dora Ring.
BRISLEY—BROADWOOD—On April 15, at Toronto, G. W. Brisley to Catharine E. Broadwood of Barnes, Surrey, England.
WATSON—NAISMITH—On April 11, at North Dumfries, Robert Watson to Mary Naismith.

Deaths.

CLARK—On April 15, at Dundas, Mary Isabel Clark.
ELLIS—On April 15, at Hyeres, France, Norah Maud Ellis of Cheltenham, England.
KIRKPATRICK—On April 16, at Dublin, J. Rutherford Kirkpatrick, M.D., F.R.S.I., aged 57 years.
KIELY—At Toronto, Marie Kiely.
HOLLAND—On April 16, at Toronto, George B. Holland, aged 73 years.
POYSER—On April 16, at Bradford, William Poyser, aged 69 years.
CAMERON—On April 11, at Toronto, Mrs. Malcolm Cameron, aged 70 years.
JOLLIFFE—On April 11, at Bradford, Mrs. T. W. Jolliffe.
MITCHELL—On March 23, at Southampton, England, wife of Rev. Dr. Mitchell.
ROCHE—On April 11, at Toronto, Septimus Roche, aged four months.
ROSS—On April 9, at Fergus, Elizabeth Hardwicke Ross.
SOOTHERAN—On April 6, at Niagara Falls South, Geo. H. Sootheran, aged 67 years.
WILSON—On April 11, at Toronto, Wm. I. Wilson, aged 42 years.
FORBES—On April 13, at Toronto, John Forbes, aged 82 years.
JONES—On April 14, at Milton, Mrs. Benjamin Jones, aged 63 years.
YORKE—On April 13, at Toronto, Lionel Yorke, contractor, aged 55 years.
MATHIESON—On April 14, at Toronto, Bessie Mathieson.
McMICHAEL—On April 14, at Toronto, Mrs. John McMichael, aged 21 years.
CREIGHTON—On April 12, at Quebec, Walter Lindsay Creighton, manager of the Bank of Montreal.
KELSO—On April 12, at Toronto, May Kelso.
SCOTT—On April 11, at Toronto, James Armour Scott, aged 78 years.
FOSTER—On April 15, at Toronto, Mrs. Sarah Jane Foster.
FLETCHER—On April 10, at St. Catharines, Hugh R. Fletcher, aged 75 years.
AITKEN—On April 14, at Tottenham, Mrs. Hannah Marilla Aitken, aged 57 years.
KUNN—On April 13, at King, Jessie Kunn, aged 53 years.
PUGH—On April 15, at Orangeville, Edith Jane Pugh, aged 33 years.
CHISHOLM—On April 16, at St. Catharines, Mrs. Louisa Chisholm, aged 65 years.

GrandOpera House

Week Commencing Monday, April 22

Matinees on Wednesday & Saturday

Mr. Ariel Barney presents MR.

KEENE

Supported by George Learock and the strongest legitimate company in America in the following choice repertoire:

Monday Night	Only performance of RICHELIEU	Benefit of Manager O. B. Sheppard
	Tuesday and Saturday Nights	RICHARD III.
Wednesday Matinee	JULIUS CÆSAR	
Wednesday Night, Saturday Matinee	The Merchant of Venice In its Entirety.	
Thursday Night, Friday Night	HAMLET / OTHELLO	Its only Performance / Keene as Iago

EUROPEAN TOUR

A party to consist of ten ladies is being formed by

Miss H. M. Hill, 336 Jarvis Street, Toronto

Who has had large experience in conducting European excursions.

SAILING JUNE 19

For a three months' trip to England, France, Germany, Switzerland and Northern Italy. Immediate application is advisable for admission or information.

SALE OF LADIES' WORK

IN AID OF THE

Sisterhood of St. John the Divine

In the Bishop Strachan School, College Street, on

Monday and Tuesday Next, April 22 and 23

Admission, including lunch or high tea (from 2 till 8 p.m.), 25c. General admission 10c.

QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA

MINSTREL ENTERTAINMENT

In aid of the Regimental Band Fund.

Grand Opera House, Monday Evening, May 6

Reserved seats $1. Gallery 25c. Box plan opens at I. Suckling & Sons, Yonge street, on Monday morning, April 29, at 10 o'clock. Checks issued at 8 o'clock.

GRAND KIRMESS

IN AID OF THE INFANTS' HOME

IN

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

FROM

Tuesday, April 23, to Saturday, April 27

INCLUSIVE

High Tea at 5 p.m.
Performance at 8 p.m.
Saturday Matinee at 2 p.m.

DANCES

The Hungarian Gypsy
Swedish Spanish

Lawn Tennis

By 84 young ladies and gentlemen.

THE BRITANNIA

By 50 young people of sweet sixteen.

CINDERELLA'S BALL

By 80 children, introducing the Court Minuet.

MANY OTHER ATTRACTIONS

General Admission	50c.
Matinee	25c.
Tea	25c.

Office of the Superintendent of Insurance

OTTAWA, 8th February, 1889.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Commercial Travellers' Mutual Benefit Society, having complied with the requirements of the Insurance Act, has this day received a certificate of registration thereunder and is permitted to transact the business of Life Assurance on the assessment plan in the Dominion of Canada. James Sargent is Chief Agent for the Society, and the head office is established at the City of Toronto.

W. FITZGERALD,
Superintendent of Insurance.

Coppers for Exchange

Merchants and others requiring coppers for change can always be supplied if they will call at or address.

"SATURDAY NIGHT," City.

Largest, Best and Most Reliable Business College and Shorthand Institution in Canada. Faculty Unsurpassed. Special terms for April. Address all communications to J. M. CROWLY, Manager, corner Yonge and Shuter streets, Toronto, Canada. Circulars free.

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LATE OF NEW YORK

Chiropodist and Manicure

71 Yonge St., cor. King

WE HAVE OPENED UP OUR IMMENSE Stock of Ladies' Fine Kid Shoes.

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ON MONDAY NEXT, APRIL 22

A. JAY CROSS of Philadelphia

Specialist in Lenses for the Eye, will again visit J. E. Ellis & Co., Jewelers, to remain five days.

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EIGHT BEAUTIFUL ART STUDIES OF BIRDS AND FLOWERS

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WORTH AT LEAST $2, FOR 30c. POST FREE

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FINE AND MEDIUM

Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.

PRICES LOW. ONLY ONE PRICE

UPHOLSTERING TO ORDER

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Come and see my new importations. SHOWING A PLEASURE.

436 Yonge Street R. F. PIEPER Opposite Carlton St.

M'KEOWN & COMPANY

Large Importation of New Goods. Great Sale at Slaughtering Prices

To-day (Saturday) and All Next Week we will offer the Greatest Bargains in Kid Silk, and Taffeta Gloves, Hosiery, Ladies' and Children's Spring Underwear Lace Goods, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Corsets, &c.

Enormous Bargains in Dress Department

We are in the stream and up to the neck in novelties in fine shades, and our prices are away down for Fine Dress Goods. Quotations as follows: 130 pieces Striped Dress Goods, 7½c., 10c., 12½c., 15c., 17½c.; 75 pieces double fold, 45c., worth 65c.; 200 pieces plains in fashionable shades, 12½c., 15c., 20c., 25c.; splendid line 44-inch all-wool Henriettas, 50c., worth 75c.; 20 new shades, 48 inch all-wool Henriettas, 85c., worth $1.25; large range of French and German Dress Goods, 42 inches wide, 50c., 60c. and 75c., in Stripes, Checks Borders; Combination Robes, &c.—French Combination Robes from $4.25 each.

BLACK MOURNING GOODS

We will offer 42-inch cashmeres at 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c. and 50c.; Black all-wool Henriettas, 50c., 65c., 75c., 85c.; Black and White Checks, Stripes and Border Combination Robes; splendid line all-wool Grenadine 12½c to $1 a yard. Our Mantle rooms are crowded with New Goods. Our Dress-making rooms are in charge of a first class American modiste. Moderate charges. Ladies, do not miss this sale. Bargains, bargains for all.

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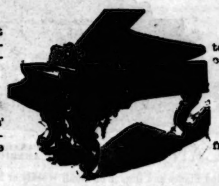

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"How I Escaped," edited by the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," at 25 cents; "John Bedwin's Testimony," by Mary Hallock Foote, at 30 cents; and "The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada," by Samuel Barton, and under same cover Dr. W. George Beers' celebrated speech at Syracuse, for 25 cents. The above are all from the press of

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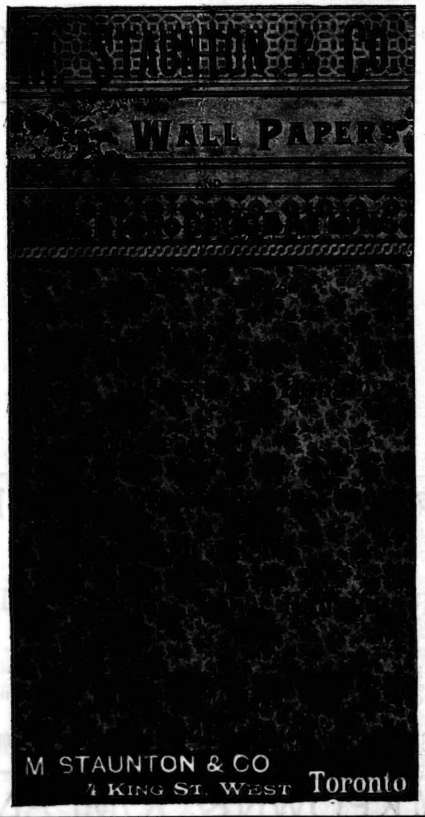

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WILLIAM RUTHERFORD Manager.

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Empress of India, G. T. Ry. & Erie Ry.

Societies, Sunday Schools, Excursion Committees and others contemplating excursion: this season to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, St. Catharines, Erie Park, etc., come down and get our rates before chartering elsewhere. Early application ensures choice of dates. Apply to W. A. GEDDES, 38 Yonge St., or to W. H. SMITH, Purser str. Empress of India, 38 Yonge St.

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For stylish, dressy and serviceable Boys' Clothing go to the Palace Clothing House, where they manufacture every garment on the premises, and by purchasing there you are enabled to buy Boys' Clothing at wholesale prices. Boys' Tweed Suits from 99c., Boys' Jersey Suits from $1.50. Boys' hats in all the latest styles, to match any color, and bought direct from the maker in New York. Boys' Polo Caps 15c., Boys' Velvet Polo 35c., Boys' Velvet Knockabout 35c., in Black, Blue, Cardinal and Green.

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FINE TWEED JACKETS---From $3 up. Some made with cloth vests---some without. Large collection to choose from.

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